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MY LOVE.

BY R. AIDE.

My love's worth all the world to me;
Her walk to others' dance is light.
When she comes by the sun rides high,
And when she's past 'tis night.

Her gentle voice, that bids "good-day,"
Is music that my soul loves best;
Her deep-set eyes, her low replies,
The dreams that haunt my rest.

Her presence, like soft morning showers,
Gives to all things refreshing grace;
If she but stoop, sweet buds that droop
Gaze up into her face.

That may-day face—where nothing lives
That is not bright, for long together;
Thoughts come and go, like winds that blow
The clouds in golden weather.

Life's passing shades have scarcely chill'd
The gladness of her spirit's light—
O when she's by, the sun seems high,
And when she's past 'tis night.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EGLON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

GRACE glanced at him wistfully; she fancied he was thinking of his dead wife, and she dared not speak a word of pity lest some jealous sorrow should mingle with her speech.

"Our lives have but touched each other, just as shadows mingle, which pass one over the other and make no impression and cause no change, and flit away impalpably, never to meet again. It must be thus with you and me Grace. I hope I have not caused you pain, and, if you leave some with me, I can bear it."

He spoke slowly, his words low and quiet his face somewhat pale, his lips not quite steady.

He did not look at Grace, but kept his eyes fixed on the blank space that stretched before him, on the darkness that beckoned to him.

Grace felt that this was his farewell; she felt too that it was cruel and her heart swelled with its own pain.

But her spirit rose to meet the shock.

"There will be no pain, I hope, either with you or me when we part," she said with strange tranquility. "I shall remember your kindness always, and I shall never forget little Alan."

"He will forget you in a week," returned Mr. Fitzurse bitterly.

"And so will you," said Grace to herself in equal bitterness; but she did not speak her thoughts.

Both walked in silence for a full minute more, till a sudden turn in the path they were pursuing brought them in view of a deep and rugged glen.

"This is the place I wanted you to see," said Mr. Fitzurse, in a different tone, as though he wanted her to feel that their graver talk was over. "I found it out one day in one of my lonely rides. You must advance a little farther into the glen before you can see its full beauty. I hope it is new to you."

"I have never been here before," returned Grace, "though I have heard of it, and often wished to come."

"I am glad then to fulfil one wish of yours though I fear it will cost you trouble; this is a rugged path."

It was indeed rugged, yet he did not hold out his hand to aid her, though he often set aside a trailing bramble that obstructed her path; and oftener still he looked back to see that she had safely passed some huge boulder that stood in the way.

The glen narrowed as they went on, till the high cliffs on either side shut out the sun and left them only a gray twilight and a strip of cloudy sky.

Here and there a few stunted bushes or a tuft of heath clung to the rocky walls; all else was desolation.

The gray gloom, the barrenness, the drear aspect of the gorge deepened at every step till all green life departed, and there glistened around them only the white bare rocks of granite, shining ghostly in the thin and waning light.

A sensation of fear began to creep around the heart of Grace as she followed the dim figure of Mr. Fitzurse, who led the way. The path still narrowed, the huge cliffs still towered upward, and a darkness like night fell suddenly around her.

Her guide was invisible.

She put out her hands blindly and called feebly on his name.

At this instant there was a crash, the fall of a rolling stone, then a hurried footstep, a presence near by, a whisper coming from the wall on her right hand—

"Ask him how his wife died!"

Grace shrieked aloud as the voice ceased, and, cowering down among the rocks, she hid her face in her hands, fearing to see some dreadful and murderous figure ready to clutch at her life.

But, except the roll of a loosed stone which fell close by her side, all was silence and darkness.

She listened intently, fancying she knew not what of horror, of terrors unutterable, and her eyes closed and her sense grew faint.

Then came a quick step, a hand raising her an arm pressed tenderly around her, and in her faintness she fancied she heard tender words and felt a breath close upon her cheek.

But this must have been a dream; for in another instant, as her eyes opened and sense returned, there was no supporting arm around her, and, though Mr. Fitzurse was standing close by, his face was impassive as the granite that closed them round.

Then he began to rally her on her fears.

"Have you seen the ghost of the glen?" he said. "People say it is haunted by one of the old giants, who sends dire whispers and echoes from rock to rock. I can answer for the echoes for I have tried them.

"It was not an echo," returned Grace faintly.

"That frightened you?" he interposed. "Doubtless it was—that is, if you really heard any unearthly sound. The roar of the sea rushes up here at times with a mighty voice like the utterance of a thousand thunders. Do you feel well enough to come a little farther? I should be sorry if you missed seeing the loveliness of this spot after passing through its gloom."

"I can go on now, thank you," said Grace quietly.

But this time he kept by her side, though the rugged path was so narrow that often he had to step from boulder to boulder.

"The darkness fell on us very suddenly," he observed; "but I had no idea that you would feel so alarmed, or that I should prove myself so poor a guide as to get out of sight just when I was most wanted. See—that huge black cloud that overshadowed us is rolling away now; and in a moment we shall reach a spot where we shall have plenty of light."

His voice was gay and reassuring, but it did not give Grace courage.

She felt cold and sick at heart; the words that had fallen on her ear so strangely were haunting her, and yet taking from her all power to repeat them, except in thought. It was more possible to die than to ask him such a question as that dire whisper suggested.

The gorge like a tunnel, presented ever in advance of them a narrow arch roofed by the sky.

From this arch soon there came diffused a clearer twilight, and a few steps more brought them beyond the narrowness and gloom into a wide space like an amphitheatre, filled with light and verdure.

Emerging from the bare rocks and darkness of the ravine, the place seemed an oasis in a desert; Grace gazed around in surprise.

The walls which surrounded it, no longer perpendicular, but slanting outwards, were clothed with wood and heath to the topmost edge.

In the centre a small clear lake, bordered around by softest grass, caught the faint reflection of the evening sky, and beyond the placid water and the emerald moss, passing through a wide bold archway, came the broad glory of the sea.

The whole made a scene of loveliness strangely weird, solemn, and lonely—a scene that touched the spirit with more of sadness than joy.

Mr. Fitzurse watched the face of his companion and saw no smile shine on it.

Their shadows lay within the lake, scarcely more cold than the two figures which stood beside it.

"You are disappointed?" he then said to Grace.

She started as he spoke, and with a shudder drew back quickly from the edge of the pool.

"No," she said; "the place is wonderful, beautiful; but it awes me. I feel afraid; it seems full of phantoms."

"So it did to our forefathers. They called the valley Malpas, or Bad Pass; but this spot they rightly named Landaxar—Rest in the Wilderness. I like the name. I have been here often. I thought I had found what the name expresses—rest in the wilderness of life—but I was mistaken. I go back to the Malpas, through which we must retrace our way."

His shadow flitted away from her shadow in the water, and he walked onwards so swiftly towards the arch and the sea that she did not attempt to answer him.

Yet in a moment he waited for her till she came up to him; then he pointed to a small shining crescent-shaped beach far beneath their feet, towards which the huge cliffs descended in precipitous ruggedness.

"That is Porthluna, the harbor of the moon. We shall see it rise in a moment; it rises from the sea to-night. I have heard it is one of the strange sights of the place. We will wait and see it."

They had not long to wait.

The full October moon rose from out the waves, resplendent in glory, lighting a golden path from sky to sea, from sea to shore, and tinging the still waters of the lake with a touch of fire.

They had walked away from the broad arch whence the cliff ran down in jagged masses to the bay of Porthluna, and were standing on the inner shore of the lake, darkness stretching behind them in a long line, refulgent light and a sea of gold in front.

And now a strange illusion occurred to the sight.

The full orb of the moon had just cleared the horizon and quivered on the verge of the ocean, as though doubtful whether to mount the sky or plunge within the waves.

Its light, traversing the sea, travelled on to the lake, passing over the rapid descent of valley and cliff and leaving those in darkness, while it made one path of gold from water to water.

For a moment cliff and rock and mossy way disappeared—all was one sea, from the edge of the lake to the distant verge of the burnished waves flashing against the burnished sky.

"The illusion vanishes fast, but it was worth seeing, worth feeling, though the dark path lies behind us," said Mr. Fitzurse.

In speaking he moved a step or two from the edge of the pool, and looked up the glen, as though anxious to see how much light shone on their homeward path. In that small speck of time while his gaze was turned away, a third shadow fell into the water and vanished swiftly as it came. Grace gasped for breath; she felt her heart stand still, then beat against her breast in hammer-strokes.

In terror she gazed around the wooded cliffs, but no living thing was visible, no shadow save that of tree or rock stood between her and the gleaming sea.

Yet the conviction that a man was near them, hidden behind some jutting boulder or lying like a snake among the heath, was not less certain to her mind than when the voice accosted her from the rocky wall of the pass.

An instant of danger for Mr. Fitzurse, not for herself, was in this thought. She hurried towards him, saying—

"Let us return to the inn. I am tired; I am afraid. This solitude is ghastly."

"I came here for solitude," Mr. Fitzurse answered, ignoring the tremor in her sweet voice. "Except out there in the heart of the moonshine, I know of no place so safe and solitary as this. Grace, I have a question to ask you. Answer me without fear. From your childish memories of your father have you any reason to think he was one of those men who from mistaken patriotism joined those secret societies which command crime?"

"Not here," Grace cried.—"I cannot answer you here! Oh, why do you ask me this question now?"

"I have had the question in my heart a long time, but I abstained from speaking for your sake. I know there is no tyranny on earth so great as the tyranny of fear by which these societies rule. Men bind themselves together, Grace, under the pretence of freedom, but they render themselves slaves—pitiable slaves." He spoke in a bitter and passionate tone. In his own agitation he did not see hers; but he mastered his emotion in a moment, and his voice grew calm. "I brought you to this solitude purposely to speak of your father. Why are you afraid, Grace? You cannot harm him by speaking here. And you must trust me."

She dared not tell him that they had a listener.

The fear of some dire struggle, some dreadful deed never to be forgotten, which might arise through his knowledge of this, held her silent.

"So you will not trust me?" he said in a moment, sorrowfully.

"No; I cannot," she returned.

It was the best answer she could make. He turned homewards at once, not in anger and yet in that sort of mood which renders speech almost impossible.

"You must forgive me for bringing you to this rough place."

This was all he said as, turning from the silvery sea, they plunged into the gloom of the rocky pass.

And, as they went on in silence and semi-darkness, Grace felt in every nerve that a stealthy step unheard was following them.

* * * * * *

The roadside inn where Mr. Fitzurse had put up his carriage and horses was close by the small railway-station of the district.

A van or light covered cart was standing at the door, as if waiting for passengers, when Grace entered the inn alone.

Mr. Fitzurse left her in the porch, saying that he would order the carriage in about twenty minutes, as the train would be gone then, and as they had to drive under the bridge, it would be as well to let it pass first.

He was courteous, as he ever was; but in his courtesy there was a change, to be felt,

not expressed, which chilled the heart of Grace.

Some of this change, but not all, was doubtless due to her refusal to the glen to reply to his sudden query respecting her father.

The shadow of fear still hovering over her mind rendered it impossible to her to make explanations, even if his extreme coldness had not repelled confidence.

She too, on her part, was conscious of a strange shrinking from any mutual confidence or confession; and more than this, there was a dreadful whisper in her very soul counselling flight—instant flight—from the power of a love that was beginning to crush hope and genius.

Pride also uttered the same whisper in louder tones, bringing sorrowful resolution to her aid.

She began to feel in haste to go, there was a sort of fever in her veins demanding action, there was a thirst to bring some sorrow, on him, in return for all the suffering heaped so carelessly on her young heart.

If by leaving him suddenly and quickly there should fall on him some little grief, some short-lived regret, it would be a joy to her, as she stood in the wide world alone, seeking her bread.

She knew that he was a man of the world, a man of experience, who had known a far greater sorrow than the wandering away of a poor waif like herself could ever bring him; and yet she thought at times that he loved her, and would grieve a little when she passed out of his life.

But he was so wavering, so uncertain—in the morning full of joyful care of her, in the evening, cold, constrained, unkind.

Was he thinking of his dead wife when this chilling change came upon him? Was it her sad spirit that stood between them, building up this cold impassable wall of separation? And how did she die? What could be the meaning of that ghastly whisper creeping and echoing among the rocks of Malpas?

Grace started from her reverie here looking at the opening door with affrighted eyes.

It was only the landlady entering briskly with a tea-tray.

"The gentleman ordered this for you; he thought you and the little boy would want it. Ah, he is still sleeping! I have been in here to look at him two or three times. The handsome gentleman too, who is going off by the train, took a peep at him, and said he was like his mother; but I can't see it myself. I suppose he knows you, ma'am?"

"I am not Alan's mother," said Grace; "and I do not know the gentleman of whom you speak."

"I beg your pardon miss. I fancied too you were too young. His aunt, perhaps?"

"No," returned Grace shortly.

The Cornish propensity to ask questions had seized on the landlady's mind, but she repressed her curiosity and turned to the safer subject of the child's looks.

"A sweet little fellow, miss, and as pretty as a picture, but looks delicate, I fancy. So you are waking up, my darling? Now here's some nice tea for you."

In carrying the child to the table she had to pass the window, and then saw the cart, or sort of rough omnibus, still standing in the road.

"Dear, dear! What can Joe be about? He'll miss the train; it's due in a few minutes!"

She hurried to the door, and Grace heard her ask the man angrily why he was waiting.

"Why, for the gentleman I drove from Penaluna church-town, to be sure!"

"Other folks can't miss the train for him! You start off at once, Joe. The signal is down, I tell you!"

"Here he comes!" cried Joe. "He's a bit lame, you see; that's why he has been so long. He's been down through Malpas and back."

There was a slight bustle, then the flourish of a whip, and the rude vehicle jolted swiftly.

The gentleman from Penaluna! Could it be the same man whose handsome face that morning she had bent over with a thrill of fear and a curious sense of familiarity? And was it he who had spoken to her in the pass? If so, what could have been his motive for following her and Mr. Fitzurse, and what his reason for uttering such strange words?

With repugnance Grace asked herself these questions; her thoughts touched this man's image unwillingly, and with a sort of hatred that made her shudder.

Her mind hurried swiftly from his remembrance as one hurries from the brink of a precipice, and she busied herself with cares for the child while she waited impatiently for the carriage.

But Joe and the cart returned before Mr. Fitzurse came back.

"No passengers, Joe?" asked the landlady's loud voice.

"No; and only two went off besides the gentleman I brought."

"Now who is he, Joe? Do you know?"

"I know nothing of him, except that he pays well," returned Joe. "Whose carriage have ye got there in the yard?"

"That's Mr. Fitzurse's carriage, the gentleman, you know, who has took that ramshackle ould place Caermorran, where nobody hasn't lived this hundred years."

"I know," interpolated Joe, gathering up the reins of his sorry steed. "He is a good hand at paying too; but he's uncommon queer, folks say."

"Lor, is he? Now who is the young lady he've got with him, Joe?"

"How should I know, when I abbn't seen her?" demanded Joe.

"I wish gentleman wouldn't drive about without servants," responded the landlady testily. "It gives a deal of trouble, and one never knows nothin' about 'em. I must say I always like a civil-spoken groom who's willing to be chatty. There's the young lady at the window! Quick, Joe, look at her and see if you know her."

"Know her?" returned Joe, after one open-eyed stare at Grace. "I should think so! Why, I've knowed she since she was a chit! It's Betty Lanyon's granddaughter. Her father was a furriner, and played the fiddle better than any Cheap-Jack I ever heerd at a fair. Phœbe Lanyon romped away with him, and was never married to him, so folks said. That hard ould Betty Lanyon haven't been so very good to her child."

"Betty Lanyon's granddaughter!" repeated the landlady. "Now I do wish I had known that before that handsome gentleman went off by the train! He asked me ever so many times who the young lady was that Mr. Fitzurse had in the carriage with him. Not that he named Mr. Fitzurse; but I knew who he meant, and told him his name myself.

"Well," resumed Joe, "we don't call her a young lady down to Penaluna, though we do say she's the best singer that ever piped a tune. Bless you, her voice goes up to the very sky, high and clear as a lark's!"

"That won't do her no good," said the landlady. "It's a poor thing for a woman to be a singer: it hinders work and makes a maid gad about in company too high for her."

"The girl has been lonesome enough at Penaluna,'," rejoined Joe, in a tone that showed he was taking her part, and considered singing no detriment to a woman. "No wonder she runned away. She belongs to a runaway lot, you see. But I'm glad to know where she is, for seeming to me she ought to know her grandmother is ill and like to die. Folks say she's fine and bad sure enough."

"And who's to tell her?" asked the landlady. "I'm sure I sha'n't, for I don't like none of your runaway maids. And with a gentleman too! There—and I took in her tea myself! I'll take care I never do that again. It wouldn't have happened if a gentleman brought a groom with him, as he ought to. I should have known the insand outs of things then. Its my opinion he brought no servant with him a-purpose. Such a fine madam too with flowers round her hat! And Phœbe Lanyon's girl, is she? There—like mother, like daughter!"

"You needn't get so mad about nothing," expostulated Joe. "There's no more harm in the girl than there is in a bird."

"Don't tell me! returned the woman fiercely. "Gentleman ain't so particular about harm as folks. He was so mighty anxious she should have everything she wanted. There—good night, Joe. I'm so put out that, if I stop talking here, maybe I shall be uncivil."

The landlady left the porch, and, with a final nod, Joe drove off.

Grace had withdrawn from the window, but the upper part was slightly open, and every word of this conversation had fallen in hammer strokes upon her ear.

At first she was bewildered, and the ugly meaning of the landlady's speeches was slow to reach her mind.

At length it rushed upon her suddenly, and her color came and went, her hands began to tremble, she grew cold and white, and a few tears fell piteously over her pale cheeks.

So this was how the world—her world—the low poor world to which of right she belonged—spoke of her dead mother and herself.

Oh, it was indeed time she quitted Mr. Fitzurse and saved herself and him from the malice of evil tongues! It was indeed time she hastened away and strove to forget the sad, mad, mistaken happiness of the last three months.

The child wondered at her as she kissed him again and again, praying him not to forget her when she was gone.

With tiny arms twisted about her neck, he fell asleep with weariness, and Grace sat waiting by the window, with the moonlight falling silvery over her drooping figure and the child's fair face.

She wept no more, but her heart was bitter within her.

Mr. Fitzurse had strolled down to the station, but he did not enter it.

He passed it by and went on to a high bank, from which vantage-ground he had a full view of the platform.

Here he stood and watched the train steam slowly in, and, after a short delay, steam slowly out again; and, as it passed the bank, he saw leaning from the window of a first-class carriage the handsome face of Mr. Delgado.

He drew a long breath, as if of relief, and walked swiftly down to the little quiet station still enveloped in steam, where the single porter was closing the door for the night.

He slipped a gold coin into the man's hand.

"I should like to know the name on the luggage of the gentleman who was the only first-class passenger, he said.

"He had but a bag, sir, he took in the carriage."

"And his ticket?"

"A return, sir, from London."

"Thank you. I fancied I knew him; but I believe I was mistaken."

Mr. Fitzurse walked away quickly, but it was half an hour before he returned to the inn.

Even at the door of the little musty parlor he hesitated and stood a moment on the threshold.

The room wore a neglected look, the tea-service remained still on the table; no lights had been brought, no blinds drawn down.

A full flood of silvery radiance from the high moon poured down on the drooping figure of the young girl and the little child, and both in that pale light wore a wan and spiritual look scarcely earthly.

The boy for an instant seemed to have the very face of his dead mother, and Grace grew shadowy and unreal, as if ready at a word to fade away.

Mr. Fitzurse, after one second's pause, filled with an infinity of thought, a cloud of foreboding, hurried forward and took the child in his arms.

It was like a reassurance of warm life to feel the clinging of those little arms about him and the soft pressure of a warm cheek against his bearded mouth.

"I am glad you are both alive," he said, with forced gaiety, to Grace. "You looked wan as spirits in the moonlight. Will you come at once? The carriage waits.

"What have you shut up the back seat for?" cried the landlady to the ostler. "The young woman sits there, of course."

Grace and Mr. Fitzurse heard this as they came into the passage.

It was a small sting, a petty insult indeed, and yet it smote the poor girl's heart like a sword.

She grew white to the lips.

"Will you allow me to pass, if you please?" said Mr. Fitzurse in a tone that shook the landlady's nerves slightly. "Miss Lanyon, pray excuse me for having brought you to so rough a place. I fear you have been ill waited on."

They passed out into the road before the woman could recover herself, and, feeling much as if a ball or two of worsted were in her throat, choking her, she watched their departure, and noted the careful courtesy with which Mr. Fitzurse assisted Grace into the carriage and wrapped her in a warm rug.

"Ill waited on! And I waited on her myself! But never again, when there's no servant with a carriage to give one a proper understanding of things, no, never again will I do that. Well, I hope Mrs. Lanyon won't leave her a penny. It would serve her right. And, as for him. I don't wonder the gentry haven't called on him. There's always a reason for it when one sees folks living lonely as owls in a ruin—and you can't call Caermorran much better than a ruin, though it does belong to a lord."

Thus the irate landlady to her meek husband, while the balls in her throat gradually subsided into a raging burst of tears. Meanwhile, with small relief of speech and hampered by many thoughts, two full hearts went homewards through the moonlight.

CHAPTER XI.

"AND is she really so ill, Prue?"

"She has not long to live," returned Prue, "that's the long and the short of it. And you ought to go to her at once."

"At once?"—and the girl looked wistfully into Prue's face.

"Yes, at once—to-night—this very minute."

"Oh, Prue, I can't—I can't!"

Prue shrugged her shoulders and flung out her lean hands angrily towards the forlorn young figure that stood before her with sad eyes gazing forward as if seeing the blank emptiness of the path she had to tread.

"Then you deserve to be a pauper. It's my belief you won't get a penny of your grandmother's money unless you take your stand by her bedside this very night."

"But, Prue, I could not—I would not go to her for the sake of her money. I will not touch her money—though I am thankful for what she sent me."

"She sent you nothing, that was a lie. It was master's money. You guessed that of course, and you took it all the same. Oh, I see you don't mind anything! So you can stay on here, accepting his charity, accepting his money——"

But Prue stopped here from sheer terror at the whiteness of the young face gazing into hers in piteous amazement.

"His money!" she repeated. "And it was not sent from my grandmother?"

"Not a penny of it," said Prue more softly. "She told me so herself."

Grace covered her face with her hands and uttered not a word, while Prue watched her, wondering within herself what to do or say next.

She had looked upon old Mrs. Lanyon's illness in the light of a blessing that would most likely relieve her of Grace's presence and take from her the burden of a great fear; and so she had striven in her blind way to rouse the girl's mind to a sense of the danger she ran of losing her small inheritance.

She was beginning to perceive now that she had gone on a wrong tack, and, ill understanding the nature she had to deal with she felt as she pondered, like one groping in darkness to find a hidden path.

Prue had no compunction in what she did.

She felt that it was her fault that Grace had remained at Caermorran; it was she who had brought this temptation into her master's life, and she would save him if she could.

Grace herself counted for nothing in Prue's mind.

What did it matter if Betty Lanyon's granddaughter was wearied and sad! Knowing what Prue knew, it seemed to her only a just punishment for her presumption.

"And you'll hear news of your father if you go at once while the old woman has strength to tell it," continued Prue. "He's working in the mines, so I heard."

Grace's hands fell down from her face, her eyes grew full of terror, her lips were trembling.

"In the mines! Oh, no, no! Prue don't say that!"

"It was not I that said it; it was the strange gentleman."

"Yes, yes! Go on!" cried Grace, as with clasped hands she nerved herself to listen. "Who was the gentleman! Why did he come?"

"He came with money and a message from your father. But who he was I can't tell you. He had a foreign twang in his voice, and he is very handsome and limps a bit in his walk."

"I know him," said Grace slowly, with white lips. "And the message?"

"Oh, you must go to your grandmother to get that!" returned Prue, who was too cautious to confess that she had been a listener, and who saw, moreover, that her words were beginning to have weight. "I only hope you'll be in time, and the poor old woman will be able to speak when you get to her. It's not late; it is only eight o'clock, and a bright moon up. You'll be at home in an hour if you walk fast."

At home! The words crushed her forlorn listener.

There was no home for her beneath the roof of the cruel woman who had driven her forth to live or die as she could.

And there was no home for her here in this fair resting place, where she had found so much joy and so much suffering.

Home had become a bitter word for Grace—a word that stung and wounded, and sealed up speech in tears.

"I'll send Hugh with your things to-morrow," continued Prue, as if Grace's departure were now quite a thing decided on. "But you must not go dressed like that. You'd frighten your grandmother. Go to her in the clothes you wore when you came away: that's the right thing to do. And she'll be glad enough to see you, poor creature! It would be cruel if you left he to die with only old Jeremiah and Maxed Molly to tend to her."

Yes, it would be cruel—and cruel not to hear the message that sad father had sent from his living tomb in the mines—cruel also to herself to remain here when she was no longer welcome, and when her stay, as she could see, was grieving him who sheltered her.

It was better to go before this dreadful shadow that had crept between them should grow larger and darker, and drive her forth in bitterness.

And it was her duty to go.

She was now afraid to look her duty in the face, and do it bravely.

She had known all along that she was to blame in accepting this "rest in the wilderness," when her destiny with trumpet-call summoned her to the work she had to do. Sometimes in her painful musings she had longed for some great necessity which should wrench her from this dream of Eden.

Now it seemed to her that the necessity was come, the duty was calling, and she would hesitate no more.

It was not true, as Prue had said so cruelly, that she was willing to live on his charity and accept his money.

No, no; she would prove this was false—false as the horrible words of that hard woman at the inn.

When she heard them, her resolve to fly had beaten fiercely at her heart.

Why should she waver now because the inevitable hour of departure had fallen upon her earlier than she expected? Ah, the heart was desperately vain, desperately deceitful! Doubtless she had, unknowingly, been clinging still to some vague hope. But now she would fling it from her and arise and be herself again—the old brave self whom he had found full of courage walking on the unknown road to London.

"Prue," she said quietly, "leave me a little while. I will go. I shall be ready in half an hour."

"You are quite right—for more reasons than one," returned Prue.

And, without wasting further words, she went instantly, closing the door of the turret chamber softly, with thoughts of her master in her mind, waking it to a hundred apprehensions.

Now too that Grace was going, she could think of her with some compassion, and hope that old Betty Lanyon would leave her money enough to live upon.

"She isn't fit for hard work any more than she's fit to be a grand lady. And to think she should have raised her eyes to—to master! Well, well, I'm thankful things are no worse. And her going will shake him out of this craze, and hasten him back to his own place. I've done right, and, if he is a bit angry, I can face it."

Thus Prue's philosophy consoled her, while Grace hurriedly gathered her things together and packed them in the little trunk that Hugh had brought for her.

Neither this nor the very scanty outfit she had purchased seemed to her now to be her own.

She looked on all with a kind of angry shame and grief mingled, and felt happier when she had arrayed herself in the familiar cloak and gown and the old quaint headgear she had worn at Penaluna.

This being accomplished, Grace gazed with swimming eyes around the little familiar chamber.

How dear every outlook had grown to her! The strip of sky through the narrow window which held the friendly stars, the low oak door and stone archway, the white walls on which the moonlight flickered—all were full of memories which gathered around her to-night like palpable shadows that whispered and beckoned and laid cruel hands upon her heart.

At length she wrenched herself away from the tightening hold of these and

spectres, and with slow unwilling steps went softly down the turret stairs.

She had no farewell to say to Mr. Fitzurse; but a silent kiss, a single tear might surely be given to the child she had loved so well for his sake.

She stole gently to the side of the cot and looked down in wordless anguish on the little sleeping face that had so often been pressed to hers with loving touch.

In her eyes to-night he looked wan and pale, and the lack of strength in his delicate frame never seemed to her so visible as now, when she was about to leave him to hands less gentle than her own.

She stood in the half-darkened room a full minute, her hands clasped, her face bent forward, her tears falling fast.

Then she stooped and kissed him with such a quiet touch that, had it breathed a dream into his innocent slumber, it would have seemed to him that the scent and shadow of a flower had passed him by as he smiled in sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Aunt Polly's Nephew.

BY ANNA GALLAGER.

"HOW many years ago is it?" asked Georgie.

She had heard the story many times since she had lived with cousin Polly on the Massachusetts farm, but it was of such vital importance to her cousin that she always listened to it with interest.

"Twenty years ago this month, and it happened on Thanksgiving Day," was the answer. "My sister was only twenty-two and the boy was five years. It was a dreary time for them. My father was mad with liquor, and he had always hated my husband, who had died the year before, leaving her poor.

"You see, father had set his heart on her marrying Jack Norman, who had a nice farm over in Warren. Father let her come back home with her boy, but he used to fling at her sometimes.

"She bore it for the sake of Paul, but this time it was too much for any woman to bear who had loved her husband.

"Emma did not speak, as father kept on railing about the boy's father; but she grew very white, and her eyes had a queer look.

"I was five years younger than she, and I don't think I had much influence over her. I went to her room that night, and cried as I talked with her, and tried to comfort her. She only said a few words, and told me that whatever happened, I need not be troubled about her.

"Finally, I went to bed.

"The next morning was Thanksgiving, and I was busy getting breakfast of fried chicken and the other luxuries that we made a point of having. Emma was usually down to help me, but she did not come, and when it was almost time for father to come in from milking, I went up to call her.

"Her room was empty and her bed untouched.

"I think she must have left the house soon after we had all gone to bed."

"And you never heard from her since?" asked Georgie, as her cousin paused and looked sadly out over the brown fields that lay in front of the window.

She shook her head.

"Never," she said. "Why should I? I think Emma must have thought she might get me into trouble if she sent me any word. My father was silent when I told him, and he did not speak while he ate his breakfast. As for me, I could not eat a bit of the feast, but I was obliged to sit at the table and pretend that I did. When he finished his last cup of coffee, and as he rose, father said:

"'Don't let me hear any babble about your sister. I suppose this place wasn't good enough for Paul Martin's widow. Let her go where she pleases!'"

Again Miss Polly paused, and Georgie silently drew on the cloak which she had brought from the closet, and put on her hat.

"Somehow my dear sister seems near me to-day," went on cousin Polly softly. "Thanksgiving fell on the same day of the month that year, twenty years ago. I believe father was sorry before he died, but he would do nothing—only I did hear that he made some inquiries."

Georgie stood a moment to know if her companion was going to say anything more, but as she did not speak, the girl said:

"I am going up High Hill. It is such a lovely day, and the snow will soon be here. I'll be back in time to see to the roasting of the turkey."

Georgie bent over her cousin and gave her a light kiss, and then went from the house, and the elder woman saw her going leisurely across the fields in the direction of High Hill.

"She's too pretty, and too sweet, for me to keep her long," thought Miss Polly, with a sigh.

And then, when the girl was out of sight, she went up to the room which had been her sister's, and tenderly looked over the few things that had been hers, not thinking how the moments were slipping by.

Meanwhile, Georgie Watson had long ago climbed to the summit of the hill and looked about her, taking in with a tender exultation the beauty of fields, and hills, and distant villages, all lying in a mild, hazy air that sometimes lies around the New England world a few days in November.

She had remained longer than she meant, though she had started as soon as the early breakfast was cleared away.

The wind was west, and she was startled by hearing the clock of the nearest village strike softly, but distinctly, the hour of eleven.

What would become of the turkey?

How could she have been so thoughtless?

She gave one more look about upon the surpassing loveliness of the scene before her, and then began scrambling down the hill at a rapid pace, unheeding the catching limbs that cracked before her impatient feet and hands.

She was not coming down on the same side that she had climbed it, but on the side nearest to her home.

There was a faintly defined path which she followed, running half the time, in her haste, and the suppleness of her youth.

She kept thinking of the turkey, and the vegetables that were yet to prepare.

"Dinner will be later than two o'clock, I fear me," she was saying to herself.

Then she suddenly paused in her hurry, and gazed aghast at something before her.

That something was a slight branch of white birch tree that was bent across the path, and its white stem was stained with blood.

After a moment, Georgie went nearer and bent over it, saying in a half whisper:

"It is perhaps the blood of some animal which has been shot."

Even as she spoke, she saw something lying on the ground by the branch.

She picked it up, it was a man's dogskin glove—a glove almost new, and of small proportions.

Georgie's first impulse was to hurry down the hill as fast as she could.

She would tell of what she had found; perhaps some one would come up; Miss Polly might send her hired man.

But the girl's tender heart would not let her go so quickly.

What if any one should be there, hurt and helpless?

Should she go away without the least effort to find out?

She looked carefully about her; and her glance soon discovered that at the right the leaves had been recently trampled, and that upon them were drops of blood.

With fluttering pulses, she went forward a few yards, and then bethought herself to stop and call.

She did so, and hardly had her voice died away, before it was answered by a faint "Halloa!" which seemed to come from a hollow in the wood directly before her.

She did not wait to think now; she only felt that some one was needing help.

She slipped and scrambled down the slope and came with such suddenness upon a figure lying there, that she stood speechless and motionless, for the first breath of time, at the man before her.

He was a young man, with a blonde, pointed beard, and long mustache—a man whose blue eyes were dilated now with pain, and whose face was colorless.

But there came some sort of light into his eyes as they rested upon the dark beauty of the girl who stood before him, with hands involuntarily clasped together.

"Oh, you are hurt!" cried Georgie, somewhat uselessly, as he must be aware of that fact. "How can I help you?"

"Yes, I am hurt," was the answer; "not seriously, I think, but I have bled so much that I am weak, and I could not get at the wound to bind it and staunch the blood."

As he spoke, there seemed something familiar in his face, but Georgie could not decide what it was.

"Perhaps I can help you; let me try," said Georgie, somewhat timidly, approaching nearer.

There was a look in his eyes which banished the pallor from the girl's face.

The young man moved a little.

"In my shoulder," he said. "I had a loaded pistol in my pocket; it fell out without my knowing it, and I put my heel upon the handle in such a way as to raise the barrel, and the touch brought down the trigger. The ball went into the fleshy part of my shoulder. I went on for some distance, but I grew faint at last."

While he was speaking, Georgie was folding his handkerchief into a small thick square; then she removed his heavy coat and vest.

"Cut the shirt with this," he said, handing her a penknife.

The linen was soaked in blood.

When she came to the white shoulder, she pressed the wad of handkerchief tight upon it, and then holding it there with one hand, she slipped off her long housework apron which she had worn, and asked——

"Can you tear me a few strips of that?"

Without reply, the young man did as she had said, and in a few moments more, his hurt was securely bound about, and his vest and coat put on again.

"Do you think you could walk with my help?" she inquired after looking at him thoughtfully for a time.

"How far?"

"Not quite a quarter of a mile, down this hill."

"I am going to try," he answered.

She helped him to rise; she made him lean upon her, speaking to him with gentle authority.

And so at last they came up into the yard at the back of Miss Polly's house. She let him pause, and lean upon the fence.

"I came across from the station," he said, "to find Miss Mary Eldred's house. How far is it?"

Georgie looked at him in amazement.

"This is it," she said. "Can you go on now?"

Before he could reply, or make a movement, the back door opened, and Miss Polly came out.

She stared a moment, then came hurriedly forward.

"Georgie, what is the matter?" she exclaimed.

But her eyes were upon Georgie's companion.

The next moment she had come close to them, and was gazing intently upon the man.

"This gentleman was coming here," said the girl, but Miss Polly did not seem to hear her.

She had grown very pale, and her mouth was not quite steady. The stranger himself was not unmoved.

"Oh, why do you look so much like my sister?" in a trembling voice cried Miss Polly.

"Because—do you not guess?—because I am her son," was the answer, and Hugh Martin took his aunt's hand in his and kissed it tenderly.

"She died a month ago, and she bade me come to you, if my grandfather were not living. She said I would not be sorry if I knew my aunt Polly; and I am sure of it," he added emphatically.

There was a tender gallantry about him which won Miss Polly's heart.

Before his wound was healed she loved him as if he had been her own, and by that time she began to fret, fearing he would leave her.

"Why not be a farmer?" she said, one day. "Take my farm to work, and it shall be yours some day."

"It is what I would like best of all things," was the young fellow's eager response. "I hate life in a city. I have always dreamed of the country.

"It is a bargain, then?" asked old aunt Polly.

"Yes."

He was standing by the window, and his eyes were following a figure which had just left the yard, and was going down the road.

The figure was that of Georgie.

In a moment he had left the room, and his aunt saw him striding off in the same direction.

"It is the wish of my heart," thought Miss Polly, smiling as she watched.

Before another Thanksgiving, Hugh Martin had persuaded Georgie that she could not be half so happy as in being a farmer's wife, provided he was the farmer.

THE CUCKING-STOOL.—Our forefathers were men of mettle; they grappled with that social evil, the scold, and they found a possible remedy handy in the cucking-stool—which certainly had come to them from Saxon times, as it is mentioned in Domesday Book. It was then used for the exposition of those giving false measures or selling bad beer. But it was a convenient and harmless punishment. It involved no physical hardship, and was applied to a scold in a very simple manner. She was only placed in it (being, of course, duly fastened in) and exposed outside her house, or in some other place, for a given time, and so left to the gibes and insolent remarks of the crow. This was the first and gentlest treatment of the disease. It gave no personal pain, as did the stocks, and rather shows the wish of our ancestors to begin with moral suasion; but finding still that "her clam'rous tongue strikes pity deaf," they invented the tumbrel, on which she was drawn round the town, seated on the chair. And this failing, the tumbrel was turned into the trebucket or movable ducking-stool, and this, in its time, yielded to the permanent cucking-stool. Several old cucking-stools are yet in existence, and might, even if used, be of great service as warnings to ladies of intense and impassioned verbosity. There is one in the museum at Scarborough, in which the patient is fastened by an iron pin fastened through the arms, after the manner of a baby's chair. At Neath there used to be one, but the scold had to be found guilty by six men before she could be punished. There was a fine one at Sandwich previous to 1792, on which were a man and woman calling each other names, while on the cross-bar were the words:

"Of members ye tonge is worst or best,
An yll tonge ofte doethe breede unreste."

OUR STAMPS.—The portrait of Bejamin Franklin on the one cent stamp, in imperial ultramarine blue, is after a profile bust of Rubrichi. The head of Jackson on the two cent stamp, in vermilion, is from the bust of Hiram Powers. The Washington head on the green three cent stamp is after Houdon's celebrated bust. The head on the five cent blue stamp is that of Zachary Taylor. The Lincoln profile is red on the six cent stamp, is after a bust by Volk. The seven cent stamp, in vermillion, gives the head of Stanton after a photograph. The head of Jefferson, on the two cent stamp, in chocolate is drawn from a life-sized statue by Hiram Powers. The portrait of Henry Clay, in neutral purple, on the twelve cent stamp, is after a bust by Hart. The head of Webster on the fifteen cent stamp, in orange, is after the Clevinger bust. The portrait of General Scott on the twenty-four cent stamp, in purple, is after a bust by Coffee. The head of Hamilton on the thirty cent stamp, in black, is after the Cerrachi bust; and the portrait of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry in carmine, on the ninety cent stamp, is after Wolcott's statue.

RATHER HIGH.—"Ain't this a little high?" asked a timid tenderfoot of a Deadwood tavern-keeper, who had charged him four dollars and a-half for his dinner. "It may be a little high," replied the host, fumbling with the handle of a revolver in the cash-drawer, "but I need the money." He got it.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE ENGLISH TONGUE.—At the beginning of the eighteenth century the English language was spoke by less than eight millions of people; at the beginning of the nineteenth by only twenty millions; and now with one-fifth of the century yet before it in which to spread, it is the mother-tongue of ninety millions.

HERMETICALLY SEALED.—This is said of anything so closely secured, and so sacredly kept, that no portion of it escapes. Origin: In chemistry it is indispensible that certain acids, salts, &c., should be so perfectly closed that none of their properties can be dissipated. To accomplish this object, the neck of the vessel which contains these essences is heated till it is soft, and is then twisted till the aperture or passage is perfectly closed.

AMERICA'S WEALTH.—According to an English statistician, the wealth of the United States now exceeds that of either Great Britian or France, but the average wealth per capita is less here than in those countries. The wealth of the United States is $49,800,000,000, or $1000 per capita; of Great Britian, $44,000,000,000 which is $1,200 per head; France, $37,200,000,000, or $1,045 per capita. In 1840 Great Britain's wealth was five times as great as ours.

MUSIC FROM STONES.—Among the Chinese, their grandest religious ceremony is usually accompanied by several instruments; but the most important of these is an expensive instrument, called the *King*. It is made of stones cut in proper shape and finely polished; these are hung on a frame and struck with a wooden mallet. The stones, which are very valuable and of beautiful colors, are found near the river banks in the province of Yun-nan. A man practicing on the *king* might remind one of the Swiss bell-ringers."

CROCODILES.—Twelve species of crocodiles have been distinguished, four of which are called alligators, and two gavials. Those of the Nile are the largest, but they are now very uncommon; at least in lower Egypt, where a crocodile would be regarded as a great curiosity. Their form is that of a lizard, sometimes thirty feet long, and nine or ten feet round. The body is covered with scales, hard enough to turn a musket ball; with a mouth several feet long, filled with teeth like a saw. They pursue their prey with agility, but cannot turn, and, therefore, are easily escaped; but whatever is once caught is held fast, and if large, drowned. They roar like a bull, and in winter are said to be torpid.

EASTERN WELLS.—It appears that some wells in the east were furnished with flights of steps down to the water, which seems to have been the case with that mentioned in the text. There are wells in Persia and Arabia in the driest places, with troughs and basins of stone by the side of them; and this well must have had something of this kind, and also the Arabian well, to which the daughters of Jethro resorted, Exod. ii. 16. Chardin says, that in Arabia and other places, they cover the well lest the sand, which is much agitated by the winds, should stop them up. So we find in Gen. xxix. 1, that they gathered their flocks together before they opened the well, and having drawn as much as was necessary, they covered it up immediately. Niebuhr says that some of the wells are one hundred and sixty feet deep, dug out of sloping ground.

CARRIER PIGEONS.—Carrier pigeons are a larger species than the common pigeon. They have a wattle extending over half the bill, and hanging down on both sides as a piece of white flesh, and this is supposed to be connected with the properties as a carrier. The eyes are also surrounded by a similar substance, and importance is attached to its width. Noah seems to have employed one, and they were used by the ancients during sieges. The Turks and all eastern nations employ them, and in Turkey there are stations from which they pass and fresh birds are forwarded. The Turks train them to distances progressively, and their flight is only certain while they have eggs or unfledged young. They rise very high before they start, and travel from twenty-five to forty miles an hour. Besides this singular return of pigeons, the swallow and the crow, and cats and dogs, have the same occult faculty.

CURIOUS FACTS.—There are two thousand seven hundred and fifty languages. Two persons die every second. Sound moves seven hundred and forty-three miles per hour. A square mile contains six hundred and forty acres. A storm blows thirty-six miles per hour. The average human life is thirty-one years. An acre contains four thousand eight hundred and forty square yards. Slow rivers flow five miles per hour. A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour. Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour. A hand (horse measure) is four inches. Electricity moves two hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles per hour. The first lucifer match was made in 1829. Gold was discovered in California in 1848. A mile is five thousand two hundred and eighty feet, or one thousand seven hundred and sixty yards in length. A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour. The first use of a locomotive in America was in 1829. The first steam-engine on the continent of America was brought from England in 1753. Until 1776, cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning-wheel. Toads revive after being buried in rock for countless centuries. Only a sixth of known serpents are poisonous. When a porcupine is irritated, he erects his quills but does not dart them. The bones of birds are hollow, and filled with air instead of marrow.

BEHIND HER FAN.

BY L. F.

Behind her fan of downy fluff,
Sewed on soft saffron satin stuff,
With peacock feathers, purple-eyed,
Caught daintily on either side,
The gay coquette displays a puff:

Two blue eyes peep above the buff;
Two pinky pouting lips—enough!
That cough means surely come and hide
Behind her fan.

The bark of Hope is trim and tough,
So out I venture on the rough,
Uncerta'n sea of girlish pride.
A breeze! I tack against the tide,
Capture a kiss and catch a cuff
Behind her fan.

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—[CONTINUED.]

A LITTLE incident happened shortly after this which changed the current of their lives and hurried on events.

Sir Arthur Hatton was a stranger to all fair love-dreams and sweet fancies. Lady Bourgoyne had married him without giving him any trouble; his comfortable affection for her had never caused him a pang. That he should understand a nature or a love like Leah's was not to be expected; but he was one day the unwilling witness of a little scene that opened his eyes.

In the library stood a large Japanese screen, and Sir Arthur enjoyed nothing more than placing this round one of the great bay-windows and entrenching himself therein with his newspaper.

Every one knew his whim and smiled at it. People went into the library to search for books, read the newspapers, and write their letters without paying the least attention to him. It was the only room in the house where he was free from the lively chatter and laughter of the girls or the gossip of the older women.

One morning there was some Indian news in the *Times* which interested him greatly—letters written by fellow-officers whose opinions he valued highly. He wished to be undisturbed, so he betook himself to his favorite retreat. He found the library cool and empty; the sun-blinds were all drawn, the light was dim and pleasant. He placed the screen round his favorite window. "Thank goodness," he said to himself, "that I shall now be able to read in peace!"

Sir Arthur had hardly settled himself comfortably however before the Duchess came in.

She looked over the screen.

"I shall not disturb you, General," she said. "A man deep in his morning newspaper is to me as formidable as a lion in his lair. Indian news, I believe?"

"And very bad news," answered Sir Arthur briefly.

The Duchess read for about half an hour, and then went away.

Presently Lady Maud Trevar entered, and, sitting down, wrote letter after letter without a thought as to whether any one was in the room. She was not in the least surprised when the General, in turning his newspaper, betrayed his presence. Then came his Grace of Rosedene.

"I do not like the Indian news this morning," he said. "If Government is not more on alert, we shall have another terrible rising, I fear."

"Most likely," answered Sir Arthur briefly again.

The Duke went on in his usual amiable manner, making very mild and pointless comments, which elicited but monosyllable replies.

"I see that you are busy," said his Grace. "We will discuss the question more fully after dinner."

Sir Arthur groaned as his friend went out. "Now surely I shall remain uninterrupted," he thought.

Fate was against him this morning; for the fourth time the door opened. It was Leah who now appeared. She was in her favorite colors of amber and white, with creamy roses at her throat. She did not observe the screen, much less wonder if any one were behind it. She knew it was a favorite room of her uncle's, but she was not thinking of him. He recognized the gentle footstep, but her presence did not disturb him—he loved her too well, and he was accustomed to it; he did not think it necessary to tell her he was there.

For ten minutes there was almost complete silence. He could hear the sound of Leah's pen. She was writing rapidly. Then suddenly the door opened, and Sir Arthur's smothered groan was lost in the voice of the speaker.

"Shall I disturb you, Miss Hatton?" It was Sir Basil who put the question. "I am in trouble, from which a lady alone can release me."

"I am glad you sought me," she said. And for the first time the General was struck with something peculiar in the tone of her voice as she answered him. "What can I do for you?" she asked.

"There is an old proverb which says that 'a stitch in time will save nine.' Will you make that first stitch now, and save the nine hereafter, Miss Hatton?"

"Of course I will," she replied. "Where is the stitch needed?"

"In this driving-glove," he replied; "the button is nearly off. Would you be so good as to fasten it?"

Leah laughed blithely.

"Certainly," she said, as she took the thick yellow driving-glove that he held out to her. "Will you excuse me one minute while I find needle and thread?" she asked.

She went away, leaving Sir Basil looking over an open volume that lay upon the table.

"I hope," thought the General to himself, "that this good fellow will not find me out, and begin to air his ideas on Indian politics to me."

But Sir Basil was in happy ignorance of the General's proximity. He read a few lines in the open volume, hummed a favorite air to himself, and then Leah returned.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," she said. "I will release you now in a few minutes."

The slender fingers soon accomplished their task. She held out the glove to him, as she did so her eyes fell on the spray of stephanotis that he wore in his coat.

"Your flower is faded," she said; "let me give you another. I have a superstition that it is unlucky to wear faded flowers."

"By all means replace it if you will be good enough," he responded.

She took the spray of stephanotis from him, and laid it upon the table. From one of the vases she chose a beautiful moss-rose bud, fresh as the dawn, and fastened it in his coat for him.

He thanked her briefly, stood talking to her for some few minutes, and then went away.

Sir Arthur, looking over the screen, was about to thank Heaven that he was gone; but no word came from his lips—he was stricken dumb.

What was she doing—his proud, beautiful niece—she whose love no man had been able to win, whose smiles had been sought as a priceless boon? She had never seemed to care for love or admiration, for lovers or marriage. She had moved through the brilliant world like an ice-maiden. What was she doing?

She had taken the withered flower in her hands, and was kneeling down by the table and covering the faded spray with kisses and tears.

"Oh, my love," she sighed, "my love, if you only loved me! But I am less to you than the withered flower you have thrown away."

The General would have spoken then and have let Leah know that he had overheard her, but surprise and wonder kept him silent. He saw her kiss the open volume where Sir Basil's hand had rested.

"I shall die," she sobbed, "just as this flower has died, and just as far from his heart! Oh, cruel world! I have asked but for one thing, and it has been denied me. I wish I had never been born. Oh, my love, why can you not love me? I am fair enough for others, why not for you? I can win other hearts why not yours? I would give my life for your love!"

The low smothered sound of her bitter sobbing mingled with the song of the birds and the whisper of the wind; it smote the heart of the old soldier with unutterable pain. He had rescued her from what he thought a shameful life, adopted her, and given her his love and protection; he had made her heiress of his vast fortune; and this was all that had come of it, this was the end of all his hopes for her. She was wearing her heart and her life away for a love that could never be hers, or at least that was not hers. From the sight of the kneeling figure, the clasped hands, the proud head so despairingly bent, the General turned, with tears in his eyes.

"If I could but die," she said to herself, "and be at rest; if I could but sleep and never wake; if I could but hide my love and sorrow and pain!"

He was tempted to go to her, to take her in his arms and try to comfort her; but a sense of delicacy forbade him. She was so proud and sensitive, what would she think or feel if she knew that he had possession of her secret?

Yet the bitter long-drawn sobs fell on his ear and tortured him.

He could not help her.

He would not for the world let her know that he had overheard her; so he laid down his newspaper and passed noiselessly out through the open window on to the lawn, and not until he had walked some little distance did he feel at ease.

"I would not have her guess that I have been a witness of that scene for treble my fortune, poor child!" he murmured.

That was her fate—brilliant, beautiful, worshipped, and wretched.

This was the love he had never appreciated, never even understood.

How strong and deep and terrible it must be thus to torment one on whom the brightest gifts of earth have been lavished!

He forgot the Indian news, all that had interested and puzzled him.

So this was Leah's secret—she loved Sir Basil, and he did not love her!

"Poor child, poor child!" muttered the General. "How distressed she was! No wonder she loves him: he is the finest young fellow I have ever met; any woman might love him. The wonder is why he does not love her. Perhaps," thought the simple old soldier, "he is like me. I did not understand such things until they were pointed out to me. I should never have proposed to dear Lady Bourgoyne if Major Wrattle had not told me that she loved the very ground I stood upon. After that it was plain sailing. It may be the same with Sir Basil. Something must be done. It is a sad thing when girls lose their mothers; it is only women who understand each other. If Doris were here, she would know what to do."

His heart was heavy.

He had meant this girl's lot to be so fair, and she was so unhappy.

He grew nervous at the thought of meeting her again; but, to his surprise, when he saw her at the luncheon-table, there were no traces of sorrow in her beautiful face.

She looked colder and prouder than usual, but there was no sign of love-sickness about her.

"Who can understand women?" said Sir Arthur, appealing to some invisible power.

They were beyond him altogether.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE General was greatly perplexed and quite at a loss what to do.

At first he thought he would consult the Duchess, who appeared to him to be a compendium of worldly knowledge; but he soon dismissed that idea.

It would be a betrayal of a secret that he had discovered himself only by chance.

During the next few days he watched Leah covertly, and now that he had the key, he understood the enigma of her conduct.

He saw how completely engrossed she was in her love—that she seemed to have no thought, no interest, no care outside of it.

It would be in every respect a most eligible match, thought the General.

The two estates would become one, and Sir Basil would make a name for himself.

They were both young, handsome and gifted.

What a pity that Sir Basil did not fall in love with the girl who was so devoted to him!

Leah came down one morning looking pale and tired; she had not slept during the night, and the dark eyes were languid and shaded.

Sir Arthur grew alarmed and anxious about her.

He wanted to take her out for a drive, but she declined going.

She admitted that she was not well.

He proposed that he should take her into the wood, or for a walk down to the sea; but the sun was hot, she would not venture.

The General was greatly disturbed.

The Duchess found him wandering uneasily up and down the terrace.

"You are looking very grave this morning, Sir Arthur," she said. "May I venture to ask what occupies your thoughts?"

"I am thinking about subjects that I do not in the least understand," he answered. "It seems to me that, even after many years' experience, I know but little of life. Tell me, Duchess, you understand matters, do girls ever really suffer and die from love?"

The Duchess started.

Had he too found out the secret that she had discovered?

"Yes," she answered, "I think they do sometimes die of love. Not often: there are exceptional cases, as there are exceptional natures."

His face cleared a little.

"It is not the kind of thing you would expect from a sensible girl?" he interrogated.

"No," replied the Duchess; "it is the last thing that would happen to a sensible girl."

He gave a great sigh of relief.

"And yet you think there are girls who would really die if they were what is called 'crossed in love?'"

"Yes," said the Duchess, "I do think so. If a girl is full of romance and poetry, and throws her heart and soul into her love, the consequences are likely to be serious if matters do not progress smoothly."

There was little comfort to be gained from this—for Leah, he knew, was visionary and romantic.

"It seems to me," he said gently, "that such love causes more pain than pleasure."

"I think it does," agreed the Duchess.

Then she went away.

She would say no more; it did not seem to her either fair or honorable that they should discover the secret which both had discovered.

The General became more and more anxious.

He was thinking always of his niece; he watched her face intently.

If it was unclouded, if her eyes were bright and the red lips smiling, he was happy; but if she looked sad he was miserable.

He had not known until now how dearly he loved her.

He had thought money and position all-powerful; but they were not so.

All his wealth could not buy for his niece that which she desired—could not give her love and happiness.

It was late in life for him to make this unpleasant discovery.

What could he do for her?

Sir Basil liked her; he was quite sure of that.

He seemed happy always he was with her; he sought her society frequently—why should he not love her?

It struck him suddenly one morning that, if Sir Basil only knew how matters stood, he might, and in all probability would, ask Leah to marry him.

"I spoke to Lady Bourgoyne at once," he said to himself, "when the Major told me that she would never be a happy woman unless I married her. The chances are that Basil in the same circumstances would follow my example."

He determined that, as he was Leah's guardian, uncle and adopted father, he was the right person to give this delicate hint.

A favorable opportunity occurred a few days afterwards.

He overtook Sir Basil, who was strolling on the beach alone smoking a cigar.

The General reddened all over his honest bronzed face when he thought of the great interests at stake, and how much depended on the result of the conversation.

They first discussed the weather and matters of general interest; then Sir Arthur began cautiously to feel his way.

He always thought afterwards that this conversation had been a masterpiece of diplomacy.

He commenced to talk about Glen and its surroundings.

"You will want a mistress for that beautiful home of yours some day, Sir Basil," he said.

The young Baronet laughed.

"I suppose so," he said.

"Have you begun to think of looking out, or settling down, or whatever it is called?" asked the General.

"No; I have not had time. I am in no hurry; I should like to make some position before I think of marriage," said the young Baronet.

"Quite right," said the General hastily.

He must not show his hand too soon.

"Are you ambitious?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes," was the frank reply. "For my part, I do not believe in hereditary position; I believe that every man should carve out a name and fame for himself. I, for instance, would far rather be known as Basil Carlton, statesman, or skilful soldier, or able writer, than merely as Sir Basil Carlton of Glen."

"I hope to Heaven," said the General, "that you are not a Radical!"—and his thoughts flew back to Martin Ray.

"No, I am not a Radical: but I think there are many fine and noble men in England to be found amongst the Radicals."

"That may be," acknowledged Sir Arthur. "Politics," he continued, "are a fair game, at which every man can play. I respect the convictions of every honest man; but I loathe and detest men who trade upon others, make tools of them, and foster rebellion and murder."

"That is not Radicalism," said Sir Basil calmly.

But it was not politics that the General wished to discuss.

"I suppose you would like to go into Parliament, Sir Basil?" he remarked.

"I have often thought of it," he said; "and I shall most certainly try for it. That is my ideal life—to serve my country in some way during part of the year, and to live on my estate during the remainder. One of my greatest ambitions is to have a model estate."

"A very noble ambition, too," remarked the General. "I approve of that. And you do not think of marrying yet? But you will want a wife to do the honors for you, if you carry out your plans."

"I had better make my mark first," he said.

The General looked at him keenly.

"You are not one of those who despise marriage, or think it of little consequence?" he queried.

"No, far from it. I think it is the one step in life that makes or mars a man; his happiness or misery most certainly depends upon it; therefore I hope to look before I leap."

"Quite right," said the General; "you could not do better. Men have such different tastes. Now what is your idea of a wife?"

Sir Basil laughed.

"I do not know that I have formed one yet."

The General looked relieved.

If his heart was yet untouched, why could he not learn to love Leah?

"I should like to know," he said thoughtfully, "what would you expect in a wife. What are the qualifications you deem necessary in a woman who would aspire to that position?"

"I have never thought about it; but I suppose my ideas are not different from other people's," answered Sir Basil, laughing.

"Would you marry for beauty, money, for position?"

"No; I should marry for love," said Sir Basil. "I should never marry for beauty, though I should like the woman I love to have a fair face of her own. I do not care for money—I have quite enough; but I shall not be ill-pleased if my wife has some fortune."

"His ideas are sensible," thought the General to himself. "I am sure that, if I had thought of marriage at all, it would have been much in the same way." Aloud he said, "I should like to ask you one more question; and I beg that you will not think me curious."

"I know your true friendship for me," said Sir Basil, "and I fear that nothing you might ask me would be prompted by idle curiosity."

"I should like to know," pursued the General, "if you have passed through the fever called love?"

"No, I have not," said Sir Basil. "I am heart-whole and fancy free. I may add that I thank Heaven for it."

"So do I," thought the General.

He was silent for some minutes, not quite seeing his way to the next question.

"If the story of the marriages of one generation could be written, it would be a wonderful volume," said Sir Arthur musingly. "Some men are led into marriage. I was; and my marriage proved a happy one. I had never given a thought to it until some one told me that a certain lady favored me very much. I found it was true, and we were very happy."

Sir Basil was surprised to see that the General looked flushed and perplexed.

He was a little amused too at his choice of such a subject for discussion.

He wondered if Sir Arthur had any thoughts of marrying again.

"There are some very knotty points about this same love-making," continued the General. "I do not think, taking it as it

is conducted now, that the ladies have a fair chance."

"Why not?" asked Sir Basil.

"The advantages are mainly on the side of the man," said the General. "If a man sees a girl and likes her, he has but to tell her so; she can 'Yes' or 'No,' as she pleases."

"Certainly," chimed in Sir Basil.

"Reverse the question. If a young girl sees a man and likes him ever so much, she cannot say so."

"It is certainly not the custom of English girls!" laughed Sir Basil.

"Do you think it fair to the weaker sex that they should be obliged to conceal their sentiments?"

"I must confess I should not like to see the custom reversed," replied the Baronet. "Besides, there is a view of the matter which does not seem to have struck you, Sir Arthur. Women are more clever than men; they have a thousand quick instincts that we do not possess; and I fancy that, if any gave her heart unsolicited, there are many ways in which, without losing either her dignity or her modesty, she could let it be known."

The General looked hopeless, helpless. This view of the subject had not occurred to him.

"I mean," continued Sir Basil, "that, without saying one word, by her face and manner any woman could make a man understand that she liked him."

"If that be the case," thought the General to himself, "why has not Leah done so?"

Then he remembered that she was too proud and cold; she would die rather than stoop to that.

But he must save her.

Even the Duchess admitted that at times an unhappy love proved fatal.

"I should like to know your opinion, Sir Basil," he said. "Should you think less of a girl if she had a great affection for a man who had shown no signs of any for her?"

"Certainly not," he replied.

"I will put a case to you," said the General, warming now to his work. "Suppose that a lady, young and beautiful, all that is most gracious and graceful, meets a man and likes him so well that her liking grows into love for him, and that love takes such complete possession of her that not only her happiness but her life is endangered: would you think it prudent or discreet if some of her friends, some one who loved her, told him of it?"

"I should think it the kindest thing to do," said Sir Basil carelessly.

"You would approve of such a line of conduct?" said Sir Arthur.

"If the man so loved were quite free, I could see no objection to it," said Sir Basil.

"Thank Heaven I hear you say so?" cried the General.

"Why, what has it to do with me?" asked Sir Basil.

"I—I know some one," said the General —"some one who cares for you in that way, whose life is wrapped up, so to speak, in yours."

"In mine!" cried Sir Basil. "You must be mistaken, General."

"I am not indeed. Think of all the people you know, and see if you cannot find some clue."

"I am sure I cannot," said Sir Basil quickly. "I have not mixed much in ladies' society, and of those I know I cannot imagine one caring much for me."

"Yet there is one," declared the General slowly. "What the noon sun is to the flowers you are to her. She loves you as I believe very few women have the power of loving."

"How do you know?" cried Sir Basil, in astonishment.

"I found it out by accident. I would have given a great deal not to have known it. I have never been happy since."

Sir Basil grew pale and agitated.

"How strange that you should know this! Are you quite sure? Is there no mistake?"

"None. I could almost say I wish there were. I assure you that I have been most unhappy ever since I made the discovery: I have not known what to do. I honestly believe that in time the girl will die if her love remains unrequited. It seemed to me that in keeping her secret I was almost helping to kill her: in telling it Heaven only knows what other harm I may do! If I did not believe it to be a case of life and death, I would not stir in the matter. Even now, far as I have gone, unless you wish it, I will not mention the name."

"I do not know what to say," declared Sir Basil, deeply agitated.

That any one loved him so deeply touched him.

"Think over it," continued the General. "You are heart-whole and fancy-free: why not make this girl happy? If you loved any one else, it would be a different matter; but you do not."

"No, I do not, said Sir Basil, slowly.

And then for some minutes there was silence between them.

It was the expression on the General's face that made Sir Basil speak at last.

"Tell me who it is," he said abruptly; "I should prefer to know."

"Heaven grant that I am doing right!" said the General. "I would give my life for her, because I love her; but, if I do her any injury while seeking only to do her good, I shall never forgive myself."

"Tell me," said Sir Basil. "I—I dare not guess."

"Yes, I will tell you," replied the elder man solemnly. "Heaven grant that I am acting wisely! It is my niece and adopted daughter who loves you."

"Your niece! Miss Hatton!" cried Sir Basil. "You cannot surely mean it? Why the Duchess told me that she had had more offers of marriage than any woman in England!"

"So she has," said the General.

"And you say this proud beautiful girl loves me? It seems incredible!"

"She loves you with all her heart," replied the General, "and you are fancy-free. Let me mention this—she is true, gifted, generous: she has some of the noblest qualities of a woman; she will be one of the wealthiest heiresses in England. Think over it, Sir Basil. She would be so happy, poor child, while I—I cannot tell you what it would do me; I love her so dearly, and she is so unhappy."

"Are you quite sure that there is no mistake?" asked Sir Basil. "Your niece could aspire to any position; socially speaking, I should be no match for her."

"There is only this matter for consideration," said the General; "she loves you. Ah, if you had seen her tears!"

"Tears!" repeated the Baronet, in great distress. "You do not surely mean that she has shed tears on my account? You make me feel as though I had been in some measure to blame."

"I should like to add this," said Sir Arthur—"I should like you to remember this one thing always—what my heart has dictated I have done for my niece's sake: I have told you the story, and I leave it with you to act upon it as you think best. We will never resume the subject: let it be buried between us for ever. I have spoken for her sake against my own will."

Silently they grasped each other's hands and parted.

"Heaven grant that I have done the right thing!" said the General to himself. "I believe men make a dreadful muddle of everything of the kind; but I hope for the best."

Sir Basil's thoughts were far more tumultuous.

He admired Leah exceedingly: but he had never dreamt of marrying her.

He had felt no tendency whatever to fall in love with her.

She had always seemed to him beyond his reach.

He remembered all that the Duchess had told him of the offers of marriage she had received: and this beautiful girl, who might have been Duchess of Barberry, loved him secretly!

It was some time before he could collect his thoughts, and then a thousand memories filled his mind—of looks and words, the true meaning of which he had not understood until now.

How blind he had been!

He had said that a man would understand even the faintest signs of a woman's regard: but had he understood?

The beautiful proud face rose so clearly before him.

He had not thought much of marriage: but it appeared marvelous that he had but to speak one word and she would be his.

He was not in love with her, but his heart beat fast when he thought of her.

He was one of the least mercenary and most generous of men: he would have scorned the idea of marrying for money: but it was not unpleasant to think of the immense wealth that would be his if he wedded Leah Hatton.

He could make good use of it.

Would anyone believe that this grand imperial creature cared enough about him to shed tears?

He was still young; not only was his heart touched, but his vanity was flattered; it raised him in his own esteem that he should all unconsciously have won the love of such a woman.

He would cultivate her society more, and, if he found the General's assertions to be true, he would ask her to be his wife.

As he returned to the house, calmer in mind after this decision, it seemed to him a strange coincidence that he should meet the Duchess and Miss Hatton.

The Duchess spoke gaily enough; Leah's face flushed crimson, and a thousand welcomes shone in her dark eyes.

For no other man living would her face have so changed and brightened.

On the previous day Sir Basil would not have noticed it; now it struck him.

"We are going down to the beach," said the Duchess. "Will you accompany us, Sir Basil?"

"With pleasure," he replied. "I have been there once this morning, and very beautiful the sea looks."

They strolled on to the yellow sands, where the waves rolled in briskly and broke into sheets of white foam, and sat down to watch the incoming tide.

In one heart there was unutterable happiness: Leah had read something in Sir Basil's face that she had never seen there before.

In another heart there was unutterable perplexity: for Sir Basil saw that the General had not been mistaken.

Reading all that passed now by the light given by his words, there was no doubt but that Leah loved him.

"They are beginning to understand each other," thought the Duchess, as she listened to the two voices. "It is possible that it may all come right in the end."

The two hours they spent that morning on the beach seemed to Leah to pass like two moments; and her face grew so beautiful in her new-found happiness that it dazed Sir Basil when he looked upon it.

Her sister Hettie, her father, and all the horrors of her past life were forgotten in the bright present.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

We ought never to believe evil of any one till we are certain of it. We ought not to say anything that is rude and displeasing, even in a joke; and we ought never to carry a joke too far.

Doctor Mary.

BY L. B. WRIGHT.

WHEN Mary Clarimont's engagement was proclaimed to the world, there ensued a general expression of surprise.

Miss Clarimont was only one and twenty, a tall, imperial beauty, with dewy black eyes, a skin as fresh as damask roses, and dark brown hair coiled in shining bands at the back of her head.

She had graduated from Medfield Medical University, and taken out her diploma as an M. D.

"And only to think of it," said Aunt Jo, bursting into tears of vexation and disappointment, "that she must needs go and ruin all her prospects by getting engaged to Harry Marlow."

"It does seem strange, Aunt Jo, when I sit down and think of it," said Doctor Mary, laughing and blushing.

"Six months ago my profession was all the world to me.

"I neither wished nor cared for anything outside its limits."

"Humph!" growled Aunt Jo.

"Any brainless idiot can get married and keep a man's house and mend his shirts for him, but you were made for something higher and more dignified, Mary."

Mary's dew-bright eyes sparkled.

"Higher, Aunt Jo?" said she.

"More dignified. There you are mistaken.

"There is no higher or dignified lot in life than that of the true wife of a noble husband."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Jo.

"As if every poor fool who was dazzled by the glitter of a wedding-ring didn't say the same thing.

"You've disappointed me, Mary Clarimont, and I'm ashamed of you, and that is the long and short of it."

Mary smiled.

"Dear Aunt Jo," said she, "I shall not let my sword and shield rust, believe me.

"Harry has only his own talents to advance him in the world, and it will be at least a year before we shall be ready to marry.

"In the meantime, I shall accept the post of visiting physician to the Aldenbury Almshouse, and practice my profession just the same as if there were no engagement."

"I wish to goodness there wasn't," said Aunt Jo.

"I tell you what, Mary, I don't fancy that smiling, smooth-tongued young man of yours, and I never shall."

Still Doctor Mary Clarimont kept her temper.

"I am sorry, Aunt Jo," she said pleasantly, "but I hope that you will eventually change your mind."

"I used to keep a thread and needle store when I was a young woman," remarked Aunt Jo drily, "and I could tell the ring of a counterfeit coin when a customer laid it on the counter.

"I could then, and I can now; and I tell you what, Mary, there's base metal about Harry Marlow."

Doctor Mary bit her lip.

"Perhaps. We will not discuss the subject further, Aunt Jo," she said, with quiet dignity.

And the old lady said no more.

"Aunt Jo is wrong," said the pretty M. D. to herself.

"Mary is making a fool of herself," said Aunt Jo.

Aldenbury was a pretty manufacturing village, with a main street shaded by umbrageous maples; and a little way out of the village, the almshouse, built and endowed by a certain smuggling sea captain, whose conscience had pricked him during his latter days, raised their grey stone gables to the sky, and made a picturesque background to the landscape.

Doctor Mary made something of a sensation at Aldenbury.

Up to this time all the resident M. D.'s had been snuffy old gentlemen with wigs, or pert young ones with eye-glasses.

A beautiful young lady, who wrote prescriptions and compounded pills and potions, was a novelty in the town, and by no means a disagreeable one.

People rather liked the idea, once they had convinced themselves that the lady doctor thoroughly understood herself and her patients.

And the poor old people at the almshouse grew to love Doctor Mary, and listen with eager ears for the sound of her carriage-wheels over the gravel drive which led up to the portico.

It was a brilliant December day when the young physician stood in the neatly-carpeted reception-room, drawing on her fur gloves, previous to entering her neat phaeton once again, while she reiterated to the white-capped maid some directions respecting old Ann Mudgett's rheumatism, when the matron hurried in.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Doctor Clarimont," said she, "but I clean forgot the new old woman."

"The new old woman?" repeated Doctor Mary, with a smile.

"That is," explained Mrs. Cunningham, "she only came last night—a quiet old soul, half-blind, and quite bad with the asthma.

"Perhaps you'd better just see her before you go."

So Doctor Mary went cheerfully into the little brick-paved room, with its white pallet bed, cushioned rocking-chair, and neatly-draped casement, where sat a poor little shrivelled-up woman, wrapped in a faded shawl.

She looked timidly up, as Doctor Mary came in, from under the borders of her cap.

"I'm a poor body, miss," said she, "and I'm sensible I'm making a deal of trouble in the world.

"But the Lord don't always take us, miss, when we'd like to go."

"This is the Doctor," said Mrs. Cunningham.

The little woman would have risen up to make a feeble curtsey, but Doctor Mary motioned her to keep her seat.

"What is your name?" said she pleasantly.

"Louise Marlow, miss."

"Marlow?

"That is an unusual name, isn't it?" said Mary Clarimont, coloring in spite of herself.

"We're English, miss," said the old woman, struggling bravely with her asthma.

"There ain't many of us in this country. I've a son, miss, in the law business, as any mother might well be proud of."

"A son," echoed Mrs. Cunningham, "and you in the almshouse?"

"Not that it's his fault," the old creature made haste to explain.

"My son is to be married to a fine proud young lady, as is fit for any prince in all the land, and of course he can't be expected to burden himself with a helpless old woman like me.

"He's say's I'm to write and let him know how I get along, and if I'm sick or anything, he'll try to see me.

"I sewed carpets till the asthma got hold of me, and supported myself comfortably.

"But of course I couldn't lay up anything for a rainy day—who could?

"And Harry couldn't help me, for he's getting ready to be married, poor lad.

"So I went to Doctor Merton, and asked him did he know of any decent place where an old woman like me could end her days in peace.

"And he gave me a card to come here, and some money to pay my traveling expenses—Heaven bless him!—and here I am."

Mary Clarimont had listened quietly to the garrulous tale, but the color had varied in her cheek more than once as she stood there.

"Is your son's name Harry Marlow?" she said, slowly and thoughtfully.

"Yes, miss, at your service," said the old woman, with a duck of her white-capped head, which was meant to do duty in place of the impossible curtsey.

"Is he like this?" said Doctor Mary, taking a photograph from her pocket.

The old woman, with trembling hands, fitted on her iron-rimmed spectacles, and looked at the picture, uttering a little cry of recognition.

"Sure, miss, it's his own self," she cried.

"You're acquainted with him then?"

"Somewhat," said Doctor Mary, composedly, as she returned the photograph to its place.

"Perhaps you know the young lady my son is to marry?"

"Yes," said Doctor Mary, writing something in her prescription book, "I have seen her."

"Perhaps, miss, faltered the old woman, "you would give her my humble duty, and tell her I would just like to look at her for once, and see what she is like.

"There's no fear of my troubling her, miss, for I mean to end my days here.

"But I would like to see her just once.

"And if it wouldn't be asking too much, miss, would you please write to my son, and tell him where I am?

"I am no scholar myself, and I'm his mother, after all."

"I will write to him," said Doctor Mary quietly; and so she went away.

"I never see a lady doctor afore," said old Mrs. Marlow, with a long sigh; "but she's a pretty creetur, and it seems good to have her around. I hope she'll come again soon."

"You may be sure of that," said the matron brusquely. "Doctor Clarimont ain't one to neglect poor people because they are poor."

That evening, Aunt Jo, frying crullers over the kitchen fire, was surprised by a visit from her niece, who came in, all wrapped up in furs, with her cheeks crimsoned with the frosty winter air.

"Bless me! this ain't never you?" said Aunt Jo, peering over the rims of her spectacles.

"I drove over to see you, Aunt Jo," said Mary, "to tell you that you were right. The metal was counterfeit."

"Eh?" said Aunt Jo, mechanically ladling out the brown, curly crullers, although she did not look at what she was doing.

"I have written to Harry Marlow, canceling our engagement," said Doctor Mary calmly, albeit her voice faltered a little.

"The man who will heartlessly let his poor old mother go into an almshouse, sooner than take the trouble to maintain her, can be no fit husband for any woman."

And then she sat down by the fire, and told Aunt Jo everything: for crabbed, crusty old Aunt Jo had been like a mother to her, and the girl's heart was full to overflowing.

When she had ceased speaking, Aunt Jo nodded her head.

"You have done well and wisely," said she.

Old Mrs. Marlow died that winter in Aldenbury Almshouse, with her head on Doctor Clarimont's arm, and never knew that

her garrulous confessions had deprived her son of his promised wife.

And Mary says, quietly and resolutely, that her profession must be husband and home to her henceforward.

BARBARA GRAHAM

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

SHE sat silent and meditative, her face wearing a strange air of reflection and nature thought for such girlish features. But it was not that lofty thought which gave such noble, intellectual expression to Barbara Graham's youthful features; it was a doubting, perplexed air, which spoke of calculations and plans, and a weighing of advantages and of fears, that fitted better to eight-and-thirty, than to eighteen.

Claudia was indeed a true Italian, in the maturity of body and mind.

She rose, and walked to the devenport that stood in the recess which almost formed another and smaller room, where she wrote a few rapid lines.

Then she rang her bell twice, which appeared to be a signal for the young Swiss girl who waited on her to reply to the summons.

"Annette, you see this," said Claudia. "Let it reach him before the evening; you will not fail?"

"You can trust me, mademoiselle."

Nothing more was said, and the girl left the room.

Claudia seemed content now, and taking up a French novel that lay on the table near her, she sat down, and began to read.

It was a tale of passion, of intrigue, of revenge, that suited her nature.

Mrs. Ellis would scarcely have permitted its perusal, but it was long since Claudia would submit to restriction in such matters as those, and the lady was forced to submit in minor points, so long as apparent obedience was given in those of more importance.

As Claudia read on, her face glowed and paled in girlish, ardent identification with its pictures of passion and unscrupulous daring; and when the volume was closed, her resolution, whatever it had been, seemed strengthened into calm determination and fearlessness.

The driving up of the small brougham recently added to their establishment by Sidney Ashley, and the sharp ring at the bell, announced Mrs. Ellis's return, and in a few moments the lady entered the room.

"My dear, has any one been here?" were her first words, with a half-alarmed look.

"Yes—Mr. Ashley," was the reply.

"I did not mean him," said Mrs. Ellis. "I mean any stranger."

Claudia's color deepened, and she was forced perhaps to give the embarrassment an air of displeasure.

"I really am no sphynx, to understand that you mean only strangers when you say any one," she replied; "nor would it be very likely that I should see any strangers in your absence."

"No, of course," assented Mrs. Ellis; "but I was really almost frightened, for a man of most remarkable appearance seemed to be just coming from the small gate, and stared so significantly and so keenly at the carriage, and at me, and then watched it turn into the drive, that I really could not but think it something peculiar.

"I shall inquire of the servants, for I am always rather timid in this lonely situation, which though it is certainly very charming, has its disadvantages, and——"

"Pray what was this alarming person like?" interrupted Claudia, with her face somewhat averted.

"Like!" repeated Mrs. Ellis; "well, I am not very skilful at descriptions; still, he was very remarkable; but let me sit down, my dear, for I am completely worn out. It is so hot, and I have had to talk so much."

Claudia arranged a seat with extraordinary care for her chaperone, and even rang for refreshments before she repeated her question.

When the lady was fully recovered she returned to the subject.

"Then, was this a very formidable-looking individual, my dear Mrs. Ellis?" asked Claudia.

"Well, scarcely formidable, my dear," she replied; "but very repelling and disagreeable.

"His eyes were deep-set and keen, with thick eye-brows, and his mouth was large and prominent.

"But it was the expression of his face that struck me.

"It was so sinister, so knowing, if I may use such a word, and his mouth seemed half-sneering as he looked at me.

"I am sure he knows something about the house, or has something in his head which is ominous, and I shall give especial directions to-night about the fastenings and grounds."

Mrs. Ellis was an accomplished and well-principled, but not a very strong-minded or courageous woman, and Claudia was probably too accustomed to her alarms to take much notice of the familiar predictions of evil.

Her interest in the terrific individual who had so impressed her guardian, appeared considerably weakened by the explanation, and after a languid assent to the prudence of the arrangements, she let Mrs. Ellis to take a nap after the morning's fatigue.

Perhaps, if the two ladies had been compared impartially, Claudia would have been pronounced far more in need of repose than her older and more demonstrative companion.

CHAPTER XVII.

IT was a beautiful night, and the lovely grounds of Ash Villa were bathed in the moon's soft silver-gilding beams, when a figure stole cautiously through the thick shrubbery grove towards the spot where Sidney Ashley had first caught sight of Claudia on the previous day.

The intruder into these grounds could scarcely be discerned in the thick, deep shadows of the trees and shrubs, so carefully did he keep his figure bent below all possibility of discovery; and it was only when he had carefully looked round in all possible directions, through a natural window in an old ash tree, that he ventured to emerge from the shadows, and resume, in some degree, his natural proportions.

The moonbeams, that now fell on him with all the distinctness of day, revealed a person widely different from the ominous individual described by Mrs. Ellis, and yet a close observer would have detected something that did not altogether inspire confidence in the handsome face that thus revealed itself.

It was a dark, rich complexion, evidently foreign from its peculiar brown hue, and the extreme blackness of the hair and glossy moustache that covered the upper lip.

Perhaps the face owed more than might have been at first sight supposed to that same appendage, for the defect of the features lay evidently in the mouth, which was softened and hidden by the gracefully turned and judiciously cropped covering.

The eyes were staglike in their size and fullness, but still the expression was hardly satisfactory.

There was a tender look, when the owner so pleased, in those bright, dark depths; but the more habitual expression was restless and undecided, even to furtiveness; and the eyebrows were perhaps a shade too thick, and too near together for a frank and pleasant contour.

The figure was tall and slight, almost to a fault, and there was a foreign-like suppleness in its formation that enabled him to twist and bend in all directions with the ease and quickness of an Indian.

He now looked eagerly and cautiously round him, and when no object met his eyes, either to alarm or to attract him, he remained in the same listening, expectant attitude for some minutes.

But by degrees the look of satisfaction which the immunity from discovery had brought to his face, gave place to one of impatience, and almost anger, which deepened and lowered as minutes went on, till the whole face was dark and disfigured by the rapidly increasing vexation.

"She surely does not mean to befool me," he whispered to himself in the soft Italian tongue, that smiled his musical voice, even in that low whisper; "she dare not trifle with me."

As the words escaped him, a slight noise caught his quick ear, and a light footfall, so light, so noiseless, as to have defied a duller ear than the acute Italian's, was plainly discerned by him.

He just rustled the boughs near him, as a sort of signal for the new comer, and threw back from the full gush of the moonbeams that poured down on his face as he had unconsciously pressed forward in his impatience.

A few moments brought the coming figure to his hiding-place, to his arms—panting trembling, breathless.

It was the beautiful, graceful form of Claudia that he clasped to his very heart—it was her lovely lips which he pressed for a moment to his own.

"My own darling, my love, my life," he said, in his soft, Italian, caressing accents, "it is indeed worthy of you to give me this proof of your trusting love. I hardly hoped to see you again so soon."

"Nay, you have scarcely to thank me," she replied, with a touch of her native pride.

"I could not have done so rash, so bold a thing without strong reason.

"But our last interview was so abruptly interrupted, and then I had such news of importance to give you, that I felt assured I might trust you."

"Could you doubt it?" he said.

"But my love, my own, what is it you have to tell?

"You look pale and harassed. Surely that rude tyrant has not dared to insult you?"

"He has told me, what I knew before," she replied, sadly; "that he means to be his bride; and what is worse, he says that I am to be taken from this home, this country, to go to strange lands with a woman I dislike and fear. Oh Leonardo, what shall I do?"

"Compose yourself, darling," he said, quickly.

"Tell me all this man has said, and what he proposes.

"I will save you, depend on it, if it is in the power of man to do so."

Claudia rested half against the tree, half on the arm that still encircled her, and waited till her breath had returned, and her heart had ceased its tumultuous beating.

"It is soon told, Leonardo," she replied; "and what is worse, I can really complain with little reason of what Mr. Ashley proposes.

"He says I ought to see more of the world, to know what my own heart and inclinations say, before I decide. Ah Leonardo, he little knows——"

"That your heart has decided," he whispered, tenderly; "but go on, love."

"And I suspect that he does not wish me to appear in England again, unless as his wife," she said, hurriedly; "so I am to be taken to Italy, away from all I care for and love, at the mercy of his duenna aunt. Oh Leonardo, what a prospect!"

The young man smiled, though she did not catch the smile as he bent over her.

"My darling," said he, "be patient, and listen to me.

"It would be impossible for these stolen meetings to continue, and, still more, for me to ask you to join your fate with mine, till I have a home to give you.

"In after days, darling, when the rights that are now disputed shall be yielded up to me, I shall have a position, worthy of my beautiful love, to offer her.

"But that unjust, mad will of my uncle's leaves me at present in poverty and obscurity."

"I do not comprehend," said Claudia, who had listened to him dreamily.

"I am only certain that I have no alternative except a marriage with Mr. Ashley."

"And a poverty-struck, suffering existence, which would drive me mad to drag you down to," said the young man, soothingly.

"Dearest, you have sense and courage worthy of my future bride, and you must summon all to your aid in this emergency.

"Listen to me, and I will explain more fully my position.

"You know that I am the son of the only sister of an Italian nobleman of rank and fortune, who married a man her equal in birth, but with an income slender even in Italy, and actual poverty in this rich land of yours.

"My uncle often gave liberal presents to my mother, and charged himself with much of the expense of my education, both in Italy and in this country, where he had himself graduated when young.

"But during my last absence from home, both my mother and uncle died; and when I returned, expecting to be his heir, I found that his estates and all but a paltry legacy were left to a child of whom I had never heard, and whose very existence was doubtful.

"If this child was not living, the estates were to revert to me; but till that was proved, they were to be held in trust, and pay off all incumbrances on them.

"Imagine my astonishment, my disappointment, my Claudia, on hearing these facts!"

"And where is the child?" she asked, in a tone of greater interest than his tale had yet excited.

"I know not," he replied. "It seems to have disappeared when young, and not a trace, that I can make out, exists of its fate.

"The mother is, I suppose, dead.

"The servants who were then in the family only tell long tales of the beauty of their lady, and the fondness she showed for her child; but when it went, and where, they do not appear to have any idea."

"Then what have you?" said Claudia.

"I think I have some slight clue," he replied; "but scarcely what will bear describing, even to you, darling.

"Still, time must solve the mystery, or common justice and law give me the property in possession till any claims should be made on it, and then, my love, we shall be rewarded for patience and prudence."

Claudia looked doubtingly at him.

That cold philosophy sounded strange doctrine for a lover's lips.

"You think me cold and cautious, Claudia," he continued.

"But I am too true, too keep a lover, to risk your future happiness and safety for my selfish gratification.

"If you doubt me, I can but endure the last bitter drop in my cup, and leave you to my more fortunate rival."

He withdrew his arm from her as he spoke, but she clung to him.

"Do not be so cruel, so hasty," she said, reproachfully.

"Am I not wishing, am I not willing, to risk all for you, and yet you would abandon me?

"Is this your love, Leonardo?"

"You doubted me, Claudia," said he; "you doubt me still."

"Oh no," she replied; "but you can little guess what you condemn me to bear—what may be the consequences of the advice you give.

"I shall be at the mercy of a proud, haughty Englishman on our travels, and exposed to Mr. Ashley's apparently generous suit, till I shall be half-maddened into compliance.

"Till I saw you, Leonardo, I could manage that proud man at my pleasure, and it was almost an amusement to try my power over him.

"But now it is so hard, so revolting, to seem even to entertain any words of love from another."

The young man clasped her fondly to him; it was not in him to hear unmoved such words from such beautiful lips.

"But, for my sake, Claudia, you can bear it," he said.

"It is all important that you should remain in your present home; be under your protectors till my fate is decided, and for that purpose you must gain time, my darling.

"And listen—a lover still—and I will be near you in case of need.

"I hold a power over him that he dare not resist; but only in extremity will I use it, Claudia.

"It suits me rather to make those I hate my unconscious instruments, than to deprive them by summary punishment of the power of serving me.

"And now, can you trust yourself and me, my love?"

Claudia looked wonderingly at him, and her better and more grateful feelings rose up within her.

"But, for my sake, you would not harm him, Leonardo?" said she. "Remember, he has been generous and kind to me."

"Generous and kind!" he repeated. "Well, if you think so, Claudia, you have deceived me—that is all."

"Deceived you!" she said, slowly.

"Yes," he replied. "Did you not tell me that he had lavished this seeming generosity on you for his own selfish ends?—that he has cultivated and fostered your growth in all that is lovely in woman, as an Eastern sultan brings up his slaves—that this glorious beauty might be wasted on his palled age? And you call that generosity, kindness, do you?"

"He is not old, Leonardo," said Claudia, with a slight air of girlish pique in her tone. "I do not think he is forty."

"More than twice your age, if it were so," said the young man. "But you are wrong; I know that he counts more years than that, Claudia. However, in any case, he knows that he has no chance of obtaining one who would be eagerly contended for by crowds, unless he bound you to him ere you had the chance of comparing him with those more suited to you."

"He is going to give me that chance," she replied, as if some feminine contradiction or coquetry had induced her to defend her guardian from her lover's bitter invective.

"Yes," said he, "and like all his seeming benefits, it is but in seeming. You will be carried about like a child from one city to another, from one sight to another, with your ancient duenna always at your side, till you would be driven into this man's arms from sheer weariness and desperation. I see his schemes; but if you are so enamored of him, Claudia, let it be so. I am too proud to contend with the wealthy English——"

"Leonardo, dear Leonardo, do not be so unjust!" she cried, grasping the hand that he was withdrawing from her slender waist. "Have I not confessed how entirely I love you? Am I not ready to sacrifice all for you, though you yourself urge me to endure the very love you blame me for believing?"

"That is it; that is the very point on which we differ," he replied eagerly. "You believe in—are grateful for his love. I tell you it is but the selfish, interested vanity of a man who craves what he is past all hope of obtaining, save by some such scheme as this. My own beautiful love, when shall I teach you to hold yourself at your true value—to see that it is he, not you, who ought to sue humbly and gratefully for the most precious boon that man could receive? You owe him nothing, Claudia, unless it be contempt."

The girl was silent; the natural pride and vanity of her nature responded but too well to these assurances.

She knew her own surpassing beauty; she had yet to learn that even such loveliness would be but a hazardous gift, when possessed by one as obscure, as nameless, as portionless as herself; and her lover's tone softened as he saw her submission.

"You now believe me?" he said; "you do not surely distrust the words of one to whom you profess willingness to give your precious self? Think you that I would deceive my cherished, my precious love, even for my most earnest desire to secure her for myself? It would be poor, selfish love, Claudia, that could act thus."

Could an inexperienced girl of scarcely eighteen summers doubt such words as those from the lips of one to whom she had already given her heart, and who possessed all that is most attractive in the eyes of women?

Claudia's mute response was intelligible enough to the Italian, and in an instant he was pouring into her ear murmured but passionate vows of love and devotion and utter submission to her every caprice when once the great object of his life was obtained.

"Claudia, no queen shall be more humbly, more implicitly obeyed, than my beautiful bride," he continued; "and if I reverse the usual order of things and claim obedience as the lover, which I will return as the husband, remember that your reign will be far more permanent than the fair tyrants of brief courtship."

Claudia shook her head, but the moonbeams revealed a tell-tale smile and blush at the grateful prospect.

"Then it is agreed, my precious, trusting darling?" he resumed. "And I may be bold enough to count on your aid—may I say, your obedience—in the plans which must be carried out before I can realize my full hopes?"

It was a critical moment for Claudia—more critical, more momentous for herself and others than she could possibly conceive.

Her fate, and that of those unknown to her, trembled in the balance, while she paused to speak the word which would decide them.

The good genius was even yet striving within her; the sense of the trust she was reposing in an unknown, though fondly-loved stranger; the treachery which she contemplated to the benefactor to whom she owed such years of kindness, of luxury, and care, could not at once become dead within her.

But the darker, deeper passions that lurked in that fair young bosom, were more powerfully, more dangerously present, than the claims of one who, though respected, obeyed, was yet unloved; and the tempter prevailed.

"I will," she whispered.

"Even if you should not fully comprehend my object, or approve of my means of accomplishing it, you will trust me as implicitly as I trust you with my wealthy,

powerful rival?" he continued. "May I hope for, depend on your confidence, dearest?"

Again there was a slight pause, but the dark, passionate eyes that were bent on her, the warm grasp of the arm that encircled her, the tender tones of the rich voice, prevailed over lingering doubt and fear, and the decisive words were spoken—"I will."

"God bless you, my love, my beautiful, peerless, precious love!" he said, in the low, passionate tones that spoke more irresistibly than the most vehement exclamations. "When I take my countess to the halls of my ancestors, it shall be as the undisputed mistress of myself and the fair domain which will be wrested from the grasp of a——" He stopped, and changed his intended sentence to—"will be once more in the hands of its lawful heir."

It was sweet to any woman to hear words like these, to feel the loving caress, to see, to know that so attractive, so young, so noble, was actually the slave of her unassisted, unknown beauty and fascination.

This son of nobles, the heir of long-descended estates, was at her feet, the lonely orphan, the homeless protege of charity from her early years.

True, Sidney Ashley had chosen her, even as a child, for such a destiny.

But then Sidney was the disappointed, discarded lover of a past generation, one on whom her loveliness would give distinction rather than receive it.

The Italian's lessons were sown in a congenial soil, and Claudia had already learned her own value in all the outward gifts that the world admires, in all save fortune and rank, and she returned that passionate embrace, and once more reiterated the promise she had already given, ere they were compelled to tear themselves from each other with the prospect of one, and only one more such meeting, ere she left her present home.

The risks were too great for them to venture on the temporary happiness of such blissful hours, save for the necessary and final arrangements ere their long parting.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN the Italian was once more clear from the dangerous vicinity of the villa, he walked slowly and thoughtfully along the quiet, deserted road that led to the nearest village.

He appeared perfect devoid of any apprehension in the solitude of that quiet stillness, either from the absence of any possessions which could tempt any violence, or from the reckless bravery and habitual self-defence to which his countrymen are inured by long habit.

The hour was late—past midnight; and yet he did not hasten his pace, but sauntered idly and deliberately in the summer warmth that recalled the balmy softness of his own sunny land.

His face was difficult to read, for his dark eyes and complexion betrayed less easily the emotions and mood of the possessor than do the more sanguine skins and open countenances of our own countrymen.

However, Leonardo was scarcely one to presume on the triumph he had gained over a loving, inexperienced girl, whom he knew full well had nothing but the temptation and dazzling prospect of wealth and position to allure her from his influence. Still, he was young, and an Italian, and next to ambition and revenge, came love and admiration of beauty in his impassioned nature, and he could scarcely fail to exult over the victory he had thus gained.

And there were other advantages belonging to that victory that were more substantial, more lasting, than the mere power over a lovely and passionate girl.

The promise she had made not only secured his hold over Sidney Ashley, but would probably aid him most effectually in the one great object of his life.

It is more often thus, than we believe, in this mysterious maze, this tangled labyrinth of human life.

One path, one thread, is so intimately blended with another, that we scarcely know to which point in our destiny each leads, which clue to our actions we hold in the blind grasp.

Leonardo walked slowly on, with this look of satisfied, yet not exulting reflection, on his features, till he reached the end of the private road, or rather wide lane, that led to the village; then he looked back for a minute or two on the lovely peaceful valley that lay beneath the little hill on which he then stood, and which still looked so calm, so fair-like in the flood of silver light that was now rapidly fading from its effulgence.

He had an artist's eye for beauty in nature, and he stood in admiring thoughtfulness for a few moments, and a look of more real and gentle truth came over his face than had yet visited it even during his most lover-like rhapsodies in that romantic meeting with his betrothed.

He could admire such a prospect as that with no mixture of baser feelings or purposes, and it was thus that his eyes grew softer, and as he gazed a more placid calmness relaxed the firmly-set mouth and contracted brow.

But the ennobling influence of the scene was but for a moment, the next instant another agent was at work, and one yet more unexpected and foreign to his former reverie than that sudden flash of softening admiration.

A hand was laid on his arm, and a voice said in a low but by no means gentle whisper, "Signor, well met at this late hour."

The young man started, and looked fiercely round at the speaker with an involuntary grasp of his life-preserver, which was the most dangerous weapon that English customs permitted him to carry unnoticed by suspicious eyes.

It was the man whom we have known as Jonas Bowen, the insulter of Barbara Graham, the counsellor agent of Madame Dupont.

"I called at your lodgings," said the man, coolly, "and found you had gone out.

"So I guessed pretty sharply where you were gone, and that you might be rather late in your return.

"So, as they did not seem inclined to let me wait for you, I just trotted along till I met you."

"And, pray, by what right do you thus act as a spy on my movements?" interrogated the Italian, sharply.

"And may I ask also by what process of reasoning or cunning you managed to infer that I had walked in this direction, when I left my own residence?"

"Oh, it is not my way to show all my cards even to a partner in the game," replied the man, laughing.

"Besides, it takes up most unnecessary time to enter on all these details before we come to the real point at issue.

"What wise men like you and I want to settle, is the grand question—can we be of use to each other, and are we bound by the safe tie of mutual interest and mutual danger?

"There's the rub, signor, there's the rub."

"Excuse me, Mr. Bowen," said Leonardo who had by this time fully recovered himself, "but I rather differ from you in your premises, though not in your inference. Or, to make the matter more plain, I would inform you, in a very few words, that I am perfectly willing and ready to enter into stipulated arrangements—to make a fair and open compact as to our knowledge of events and persons mutually affecting our interests, and the use we may make of that knowledge.

"But I beg to differ altogether from the proposition that you are at liberty to act as a spy on my movements, and to lodge me at any time or place that may seem fitting to you.

"That I will neither agree to nor endure, if I find you guilty of such conduct."

Jonas laughed in the most provokingly indifferent style possible.

"'Tis wonderful how you young sprigs deceive yourselves, and what very little knowledge of the world you seem to have," he remarked, coolly.

"Now, I ask you, in the name of common sense, how you can expect me to be useful to you if I have not those instincts which induce me to find out your movements, and imagine the reason for them; and, moreover, what possible advantage can you expect from my co-operation, if we are not frank and candid with each other as to what we do and expect?

"Remember, signor, that I know far more than you do, and also, that your plans can be far more benefited by my assistance than mine can by yours.

"Indeed, I tell you plainly that I am not at all sure that I shall not rather lose than gain by serving you, unless you are exceedingly liberal in your terms."

"I don't understand you," said the Italian with a somewhat subdued air.

"Why and how should you lose, when I have promised you a handsome reward, as soon as I have regained my rights?"

"I tell you," replied the man. "First, I hold the clue, unless I am much deceived, to the information you want; next, if that should prove successful, it will need most skilful management to prevent your utter ruin; and, lastly, because I have the certainty of a liberal and permanent reward from one whom nature and interest will make far more generous than myself."

Leonardo frowned heavily, then he altered his mind, and fairly laughed.

"And pray, why do you detest this open-hearted friend of yours?" he asked. "That is no business of yours, signor," replied Jonas.

"Well, there's justice in that, and I'm always reasonable," said Jonas, laughing again.

"But still, I can't consent to trust you with my secrets so early in the affair; but I will give you this much satisfaction.

"The reason that I abandon the person in question is precisely this: I think she does not exactly know what is good for her own interests; besides, her wishes and fancies will scarcely agree with another little affair of mine that you know something of.

"And lastly, I believe I can so manage matters that her interest and yours may not be so completely opposed as you might imagine, only she must be kept in ignorance of your very existence till it suits me to tell her."

"And pray who may this wonderful female be?" asked the Italian, doubtingly.

"One that, unless I am much deceived, will some day be more intimately known to you," replied Jonas, smiling grimly.

"Miss Sabine! Claudia Sabine!" exclaimed the Italian, thrown off his guard for once in his life.

Jonas fairly laughed, a real, genuine, amused laugh.

"See how prone we are to fancy everybody is thinking of the dear angel we are in love with!" he said, provokingly. "Well, well, never mind, signor. I've been the same in my day, and I've not quite done with it yet."

Leonardo had turned pale with passion as the man spoke; then the hot blood rushed into his face, and he raised his heavy life-preserver with a quick, sudden movement of the arm, that would have silenced the scoffing Jonas forever had it descended on his head, but he started aside with an agility not to have been expected at his years and the heaviness of his set frame.

"Hands off, signor, or you may look in the sea for your cousin, or your fortune either!" he exclaimed. "Another such motion of your hand, or look in your face as that, master, and, I promise you, you will repent it to the last day of your life, and maybe that would not be a very long one either."

"You are enough to drive a man to make your life a pretty short one," said the Italian, turning sullenly and darkly away. "Remember, if you drive a desperate man too far, you may chance to have no time to repent it. I've hot blood in me, and it is not cooled by age yet, whatever adversity may do to keep it within bounds."

"I know that about as well as you can tell me," returned Jonas; "and as we are likely to have a good deal to do with each other, I think it will be as well for us to understand the terms on which we must be in our little transactions. Now it stands thus—you are young, handsome, nobly born, and poor; I am middle-aged, and with no pretensions to any but commonly respectable birth; but mark you, signor, I have pride as well as you, and, what is more, I have that knowledge that is worth to you all the birth, and youth, and handsome looks in the world, and I won't brook insults, nor contempt, nor any airs whatever from you. If you are civil to me, I'll treat you differently; if you are not, you'll chance to get something from me that will make your blood go up to boiling point, and then down again with a vengeance, when you find you have missed the only chance of getting your points."

Leonardo had walked irregularly on as the man spoke, now taking long, quick, impatient strides, now stopping for a moment, and then resuming his course more slowly and steadily.

By the time Jonas had finished, the two stood at the gate of a detached house, or rather large cottage, standing a little back from the main road, and with a dim light in one of the windows to mark its position.

Here they paused for a moment.

Jonas seemed inclined to proceed without attempting to enter the little garden, but Leonardo laid his hand firmly on his arm.

"You will come with me," he said.

"Is it to be peace or war?" asked Jonas, firmly. "I will stand no nonsense. It don't suit my digestion, signor, to be put about like this."

Certainly, to judge from his quiet immovable face, there was little fear of his ever being too much agitated for his health and safety.

Leonardo hesitated; his haughty spirit and his interest contended fiercely for the mastery.

"Come, I can't wait all night," said the man, trying to free his arm from the Italian's grasp. "Make up your mind, man, and I have done with it. 'Tis only common civility and respect I want, and you'll get pretty heavy payment for it, I guess."

Leonardo was young; but his character had been early schooled by adversity, and he could "bide his time," even if it did not suit him to relinquish any scheme of revenge.

His face cleared suddenly, like a summer sky, and the hand he had laid on the man's arm was withdrawn and freely extended to him.

"As you will, Jonas," he said. "I may perhaps have appeared haughty and unmindful of the service you can render me, but you can hardly understand that adversity often increases pride, instead of lowering it. But, as you say, let there be peace between us."

"All right," said Jonas, coolly. "I know how to treat a gentleman when he behaves like one; and you'll see that I'm your best friend, if you'll be frank with me."

The two now entered the cottage, and Leonardo opened the door to the right of the little hall, where the little lamp was burning that had been seen from the road.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RESPECTABILITY.—What constitutes respectability—money, social position, or genuine virtue? To be respectable is to be worthy of respect; and he deserves respect who has most virtue. The humblest man who bravely does his duty is more worthy of respect, is more truly respectable, than the covetous millionaire among his money-bags, or the arrogant monarch upon his throne. The fine lady who backbites her neighbor is less worthy of respect than an honest washer-woman. The profligate man though he may roll in money, is often not really as respectable as the shoe-black who cleans boots. That which exalts "the world" exalts the one and despises the other but it does not make them respectable according to the real meaning of that word. Their respectability is but a hollow sham, as they themselves frequently feel and those who worship them bow down to a fetish, a thing of feathers and tinsel. The selfish, idle drone, who wastes time in his own gratification, and dissipates the fortune of his progeny, is not and cannot be respectable; but the hard-working, self-denying father, who wears out his life to bring up his children, is even though he be but a day laborer. The creed which exalts a man in proportion to the contents of his money-bags is a false one.

The coarse, brutish, knavish, profligate, criminal—in short, all of their duty to themselves and their fellow-men—are those who are not respectable: and this is whether they are rich or poor. While those who live honestly, and strive to do what they can, constitute reality the respectable class, irrespective of the fact whether they eat with silver forks or steel pens.

M. S.

THE happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or calling which engages, helps and enlivens all our powers.

Scientific and Useful.

CONDENSED GRAPES.—In Italy, a new industry has arisen in the production of condensed grape juice, after the pattern of condensed milk. The juice, is evaporated in a vacuum pan until it assumes the appearance of toffee, and is reduced to one-tenth of its former bulk. By careful attention to temperature, it retains all its fruit-acid and grape-sugar, and also those mineral components which are believed to exercise great influence in forming the qualities of wine.

ELECTRIC HEAD-LIGHT.—The experiment of using an electric lamp in place of the head-light of a locomotive has been made on a railway in Austria, and the results are said to have been satisfactory. The difficulty encountered in previous experiments was that, on account of the sensitive nature of the lamp, it could not stand the constant jarring of the locomotive. The lamp successfully employed was devised specially for the purpose, and gave a steady light, illuminating the track for a distance of five hundred yards, and bringing out the color of signals with great clearness.

SUBMARINE DIVING.—A new attachment for the armor of the submarine diver has been devised by an Englishman, which consists of the compression of oxygen into tanks which are strapped upon the armor. The carbolic acid of the breath is removed by means of caustic potash, and a fresh supply of oxygen takes the place of that used up by breathing. The diver is, of course, entirely independent of the surface, and can walk about as much at his ease as it is possible beneath the surface of the water, weighted by the usual amount of lead necessary to keep him submerged.

DURABILITY OF STONE.—A series of examinations has recently been made relative the durability, under heat, of different kinds of granite, sandstone, limestone, marble, conglomerate, slate, soapstone, and artificial stone. It appears, from the results that granite began to yield at a temperature of between 700 and 800 degrees; it became cracked between 800 and 900; generally cracked between 800 and 950; and was made worthless by, or before reaching a temperature of 1,000 degrees. Sandstones showed a greater power of endurance, massive limestones still greater and marbles the greatest, while conglomerates seem to have been among the weakest stones. The least absorbent and the most so, of the granites, were equally the granites most destructible by heat.

COLOR IN FLOWERS.—Sir John Lubbock has recently described some curious experiments bearing on the preference for certain colors exhibited by bees, and having reference to the important port which they play in removing pollen from one flower to another. He placed on a lawn small pieces of differently colored paper, each paper having upon it drops of honey. By this means he found, after many observations, that the bees seemed to prefer blue to any other tint. This is a curious result, seeing that they have so much to do with the origin of flowers, blue flowers being more rarely found than those of any other color.

Farm and Garden.

PINE STUMPS.—Pine stumps may be more profitably removed by blasting with dynamite than by a stump-puller. A large pine stump-puller requires very great force to be pulled out of the ground, but it is easily torn to pieces and thrown out by two to four ounces of dynamite.

VERMIN.—A sharp lookout must be kept for vermin in the fowl-house and in the coops of broods these days. Use carbolic acid, or dilute sulphuric acid, or coal-oil, and whitewash freely and thoroughly. There is no sort of use in allowing lice to torment and prey upon the poultry, but they will do it if not prevented by the proper means.

BEES.—Two or three hives of bees can be kept as well as not on every farm, and with the present progress of bee-keeping a large quantity of good extracted honey can be procured at no expense, except for starting. With movable frames and a smoker, bees are as tractable as chickens, and comb foundation can be bought and placed in the hive and the bees can go right to work.

WINTER FLOWERS.—It seems too early to talk about next winter's house-plants, but the sooner you begin to prepare the dirt for potting your winter flowers the better. Get a bucket or basket full of rich woods earth. Mix with it an equal quantity of good strong manure, and compost the mixture with loam and sand. Turn the mass several times, at intervals of a month or two, and by early fall you will have an admirable article for house-plants. Pass the dirt through a sieve in order to remove the lumps. Be careful to avoid the presence of too much clay, which makes the soil in the pots hard and impervious to water.

WATERING PLANTS.—Unless one has an abundant supply of water so that its use, when once begun, can be continued, it is better, as a general thing, to not water at all. In the drouth which we so generally have this month, a mere sprinkling of the leaves is worse than no watering at all. Still, we all may have in the vegetable as well as in the flower garden certain plants that we would like to favor. In such cases, instead of watering the plant, the water should be applied to the soil; draw the earth away from the plants, forming a sort of basin around them; then pour on water gradually, and let it soak in around the roots. Afterwards return the removed dry earth to its place, and this will act as a mulch to keep the roots moist.

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SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 26, 1882.

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THE QUALITY OF LOVE.

To have been in love at least once is an incident in everyone's experience. Some might contess to frequent occasions of the sort. We need not quarrel with this tendency of our nature. It indicates, at any rate, a natural and healthy interest on the part of young people in their fellow men and women. Nay, it does more, for it proves the existence in their minds of ideals of some sort, transcending the daily routine. For in most cases of this kind it is the ideal rather than the actual which is loved. Barbara—fascinating, graceful, angelic; and Thomas—manly, handsome, courageous—are not precisely the Barbara and Thomas known to their parents and brothers and sisters. They are these with an added halo created by affection. Thomas clothes Barbara with the creations of his own fancy; Barbara makes Thomas the central figure of her day-dreams. They become in each other's eyes the Barbara and the Thomas which ought to be, or might be.

Thus far, while the young people worship their ideals, their love is unselfish enough. In the actual, however, it is unhappily less so. When Barbara and Thomas come to a closer intimacy—when they walk and talk and sigh together, and their facetious friends begin to describe them as "awful spoony"—then the worshipping or giving stage has reached its limits, and the expectant or demanding era has set in. Neither of them is any longer satisfied with an ideal to worship—they want an actual to possess. How can life to one be happy without the other? they wonder; but neither asks very earnestly, "Will the other be happy with me?" Barbara does not inquire of her soul, "Do I love him?" but rather her wonderment is, "Does he love me?" Thomas asks not, "Can I make her happy?" but "Will she make me happy by consenting to marry me?" Thomas wants frequent moonlight walks and frequent condescensions from Barbara; she, in her turn, has no objection to jewelry, nicknacks and excursions into the country at his expense. Failure in these respects on either side has now become a grievance. Concessions have given way to claims. Each demands of the other as much time and attention as possible, and would regard as blasphemy any suggestion of other interests or concerns which might claim a share.

By-and-by each discovers that the other's affection is not wholly self-devoted, but is rather, in part at least, devotion to self. Barbara is too wilful; Thomas too exacting. All the whims cannot possibly be gratified, nor the increasing demands satisfied; so there is a quarrel. One or the other will not—indeed, cannot—concede all. Human nature asserts itself at last, "How unkind!" "How heartless!" "She does not love me!" "He has ceased to care for me!" What now has either to live for? Suicide suggests itself, but somehow does not get itself executed. Perhaps the water is too cold, or purpose evaporates in "thinking about it." There is even suspicion. A rival!—dreadful thought! It is, however, not so. The catastrophe is merely the refusal of human nature to be crushed—the failure of a spurious love to pass itself off as real. It is the necessary protest—if you would be loved by me, you must love me for myself, and not for my cupboard.

By-and-by, if Barbara and Thomas are sensible, all the trouble vanishes away. There is reconciliation, with kisses and superior regard; and although the trial while it lasted was bitter, it has served a good purpose. Each has learned that to grasp all and concede nothing is unjust, and that injustice defeats itself. The existence of duties as well as rights, and that without the performance of the duties there can be no rights, are the beneficent discoveries which the lovers have now made. Perhaps they even learn that, in some way or other, the greatest joy is in bestowing, and not in accepting. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

SANCTUM CHAT.

A MICHIGAN paper thinks that a law should be passed for the protection of snakes, saying that they keep away or destroy rats and mice, and do no harm.

—

IT is suggested that the wire fences which bound a multitude of Western farms might be turned into telephone connections at small cost, to the great social advantage of lonely wives whose husbands are away from morning until night.

—

SOUP powders are among the new inventions of the table, growing out of war supplies and Arctic preparations. To carry a small tureen full of soup on a pic-nic in a small tin-box, that needs only hot water and salt to furnish it for the table, is a useful discovery.

—

THE latest novelty is "Faith Healing." There is a Sanitarium established in London for the purpose of effecting cures solely by means of faith. The physician is a doctor of divinity. We are told that in this institute numbers of persons who have been pronounced by the most learned members of the medical profession as incurables have, through this agency of faith, have been cured.

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THE arrival of nearly 800,000 immigrants during the last fiscal year—an increase of nearly 200,000 over the influx of the previous year—is a matter suggesting grave considerations. No other country ever yet had such a human tide of ready-made laboring muscle poured into it, and it is doubtful whether this country, great as it is, can continue to endure such a strain. The time is evidently at hand when the immigrant question will be the salient point.

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DR. CHALMERS says: The little that I have seen in the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow—not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsations of joy, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the scorn of the world that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within, happiness gone, I would leave the erring soul with Him from whose hands it came.

—

ASKED from this world's standpoint if there is no life beyond the grave, if there is no immortality, if all spiritual calculation is to end here, why, then the mighty work of God is to end in nothingness. But if this is only a state of infancy, only the education for eternity in which the soul is to gain its wisdom and experience for higher work, then to ask why anyone is taken from us is just as absurd as to question why the tree of the forest has its first training in the nursery garden. This is but the nursery ground from which we will be transplanted into the great forest of God's eternal universe.

—

THE reforms which have been carried out during the last quarter of a century in the Russian army have been accompanied by considerable increase in the cost of equipments and the maintenance of the individual soldier. In 1854, for instance, the rations of a Russian soldier cost on an average less than $20, while in 1881 the cost is set down at more than $45. The equipment of the infantry soldier cost, exclusive of his arms and knapsack, about $12 in 1856, while at the present time the cost is over $18. The weight carried by the Russian soldier has been reduced from 75 pounds to 62, although he is provided with 88 cartridges instead of 60, and carries a new water-bottle, weighing 2½ pounds.

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THE barbarian is abroad at Washington, and delights, after his fashion, to deface the statuary about the Capitol. As the result of the operations of this creature, the colossal statue of Washington, which rests upon a pedestal on the east front of the building, is minus a big toe. The Indian woman in the Columbus group, under the central portico, not long ago was disfigured by the breaking off of two of the fingers of the left hand. The broken fingers were replaced, but now the right hand is minus a finger. One of the busts in Statuary Hall has a portion of the lapel of the coat broken off. The statue of Peace, also under the eastern central portico, has been mutilated by the destruction of the olive branch and the wanton amputation of the toes on the right foot. The statues are to be restored, and the Capitol police increased in number.

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A PROMINENT London paper says: "Nervous diseases and weaknesses increase in a country as the population comes to live on the flesh of the warm-blooded animals. This is a point to which attention has not been adequately directed. 'Meat'—using that term in its popular sense—is highly stimulating, and supplies proportionally more exciting than actually nourishing pabulum to the nervous system. The meat-eater lives at high pressure, and is, or ought to be, a particularly active organism, like a predatory animal, always on the alert, walking rapidly, and consuming large quantities of oxygen. In practice, we find that the meat-eater does not live up to the level of his food; and as a consequence, he cannot, or does not, take in enough oxygen to satisfy the exigencies of his mode of life. Thereupon follow many, if not most, of the ills to which highly civilized and luxurious meat-eating classes are liable."

—

THE British navy, the largest in the world, consists of 72 iron-clads, 360 paddle and screw vessels, and 120 sailing ships; 115 war ships now being in commission in different stations. Of the iron-clads five are of more than 10,000 tons each. The total number in the naval service is 4,600 officers, 16,500 subordinate officers, and 59,120 men, besides 19,358 in the navy establishments. The armed force of the British Empire comprises a permanent army with its reserve, the Indian army, and, for home defence, the militia with its reserve, the volunteers and the yeomanry. The system adopted in the regular army differs from that of other European States, in that service therein is not compulsory, its strength being kept up by voluntary enlistment. By drawing upon all the various organizations in time of war or invasion, an army of 697,894 men with 26,675 officers, and 49,480 horses could be put into the field.

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A DRESSMAKER admitted into the Leeds Dispensary, in England, was found to have a distinct blue line on her gums, with simultaneous symptoms, such as a furred tongue, inflammation of the lips, and a general debility—all signs pointing to the probability of poisoning by lead. The doctor in attendance on her for some time failed to discover the source, and was beginning to think the blue line had been caused in some other way, when he accidentally learned from a merchant that silken thread, being sold by weight, and not by length, is sometimes adulterated with sugar of lead. He then questioned the patient, and she informed him that it had been a common practice with her, when at work, to hold silk, as well as other kinds of thread, in her mouth, and that she had done this the more readily with silk, inasmuch as it often had a sweet taste. This characteristic is a sure indication of the presence of lead, and all thread possessing it should either be rejected or used with caution. It will be found that the silk thread of the best makers is tasteless, whereas some inferior threads are sweet.

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THOSE tons of gold which this country has been recently sending abroad are liable to be returned in a few months, when the harvesting of the crops in the West and South is completed. The additional reports that are being received show that the weather is continuing to favor the great corn crop in the West, and the cotton in the South. The recent inundations have retarded these crops in Louisiana, but in Texas an abundant yield of both is fast ripening. In the Western States the prospects are very flattering. In Dakota corn is very well advanced, and a crop exceeding that of any previous year is looked for. The acreage of oats, barley, and rye has been greatly increased in Wisconsin, and all are in very good condition. The wheat crop of Kansas, which is being rapidly harvested, turns out to be an exceedingly good one, both in quality and quantity. In Minnesota the acreage of corn, barley, and rye, is nearly double that of last year, while wheat is ten per cent. less. In southern Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, wheat is yielding between twenty and twenty-five bushels to the acre, corn is below an average crop, with oats and hay turning out largely. It certainly looks as though the cost of living ought to be reduced some the coming fall.

—

THE Moslem looks upon woman as an inferior being, unfit to advise him or to share in his pleasures and sorrows. The higher the rank of the Tunisian lady, the less she will be seen on the streets and at bazaars. As a rule, only women of the lowest order, beggars, and the wives of the poor country Bedouins, are seen in the streets, and even these cover their faces with their hands whenever they meet a European. The chamberlain of an ex-grand vizier gave me some curious information on this subject. The Pasha's wife was taken sick with the small-pox. A European physician was called; guarded by two eunuchs he was permitted to enter the chamber of the lady. Curtains concealed the bed. The physician insisted upon seeing the face of the suffering woman, but the eunuch refused, giving to the doctor a description of her face. When the doctor asked to see her tongue, her face was covered with a cloth in which a small hole was cut; through this opening the sick woman showed her tongue. When the physician felt her pulse, her hands and arms were covered, and the doctor was asked to close his eyes while counting the pulse. Many ladies of higher rank live and die without setting foot in the streets or changing their abode, except one, when they leave the paternal roof to go to the house of their husband and master

FAREWELL.

BY A. Y. R.

The boat went drifting, drifting, over the sleeping sea,
And the man that I loved the dearest sat in the boat with me.

The shadow of coming parting hung over the great gray swell,
And the winds that swept across it, sobbed on, farewell, farewell.

The boat went drifting, drifting, in the lingering northern night,
And the face that I loved the dearest paled with the paling light.

We strove to join light laughter; we strove to wake a jest;
But the voice that I loved the dearest rang sadly 'mid the rest.

The boat went drifting, drifting, while the dull skies lowered down,
And the "ragged rims of thunder" gave the rocky head a crown.

The boat went drifting, drifting, while to the darkening sky,
For the man that I love the dearest, the prayer rose silently.

Oh, true, strong hand I touch no more; brave smile I may not see;
Will the God who governs time and tide bring him back to my life and me?

Love and Pride.

BY LOLA GARRISON.

YES, indeed, George is a dear brother; but, oh, he's such a responsibility!"

As she says this a look of care settles over the features of the little matron who speaks.

"You know, Ada," she goes on, "he's so rich and so handsome—if I ever see him safely married to some nice person worthy of him, my mind will be relieved."

Ada smiles as she suggests, "It's a responsibility that a good many wouldn't mind relieving you of."

"That's the trouble!" exclaimed Mrs. Netherby.

"George is the most indifferent fellow imaginable to the fair sex, and it is just those kind that, when they once fall in love, nothing except their fancy weighs as anything in the balance.

"I'm so proud of my brother, that if he should marry beneath him I do think it would really break my heart."

At the very earnest conclusion, Ada looks up with a somewhat doubtful expression upon her face.

"Shall I tell her?" she thinks.

"Yes, I will."

"Kate, I led the conversation this way with a purpose.

"I knew just what you thought about George, and as to my mind the province of friends is to do each other service, I thought I ought to tell you what Charlie has heard and seen."

"Charlie told you something about George!—oh, Ada, what is it?

"Do not keep me in suspense."

"Oh, it is nothing so very dreadful; only for some time past George has been paying constant attention to the young lady assistant in Hensel's music shop.

"Charlie says that he has seen him, evening after evening, go to the shop just about closing time, wait until she comes out, and then walk on with her.

"You know Charlie's club is exactly opposite Hensel's."

"Ada, it is incredible!

"My brother paying attention to a girl behind a counter!

"I cannot believe it!

"But if it should be so, how cruelly, how wickedly he has deceived me!

"But I will have it out with him this very day!"

What she had come to say said, Ada, the disinterested friend, who for a long time has had her mental eye fixed longingly upon the wealth and fascinations of Kate Netherby's brother, rises, and drawing her wraps about her shapely shoulders, prepares to take her departure.

"Don't for the world let George know how you found out, for I'm afraid he might be angry with me; and as we have always been the best of friends, it would be a pity."

"Certainly not, Ada.

"Oh, dear, how much happier I was a few moments ago!

"I must say that I fully agree with the saying, 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

"Still, all the same, I am obliged to you for your warning.

"I know it was affection that prompted you."

And, though Ada does not suspect the latent meaning of her friend's words, Miss Netherby does know full well what sort of affection that has prompted the disclosure that has filled her mind with such perturbation.

Dinner hour arrives, and with it George.

Kate does not use any half-way policy, but opens her batteries at once.

As she talks animatedly and indignantly, and giving him a chance to put in a word did he desire to do so, George looks at her in amazement.

Is this his gentle, adoring sister—his fond "little mother"—this flushed, excited—to put it plainly, very wrathful young woman?

He waits till she pauses, and then with a dignity that surprises Kate in her turn, he answers her accusations.

"I will not deny, as you seem to think I will, that the story with which some meddling busybody has filled your ears is true.

"It is, every word of it.

"Two months ago, by the merest accident, I saw and fell in love with the loveliest girl I ever set my eyes upon.

"That she was honorably working for her maintenance only made her the nobler in my estimation.

"I procured an introduction, not without difficulty.

"As you have heard, I did go to the music shop often—I may say frequently; and several times I insisted, when the weather was stormy, upon seeing her home.

"Kate, it never entered my mind that you had any of that low-bred pride that would deem it derogatory to a person to be obliged to earn her living.

"You complain that I have deceived you.

"It was not deceit, but reticence, for until I had learned my fate I did not care to speak to you concerning it.

"And so, probably, you never had heard anything about it at all had it not been for your informant, for my fate has been learned—and to my bitter cost."

The conclusion of his sentence brought Kate to her feet.

"To your bitter cost! George, what do you mean?"

"Simply," he replied, "that your brother has had his self-esteem crushed pretty effectually out of existence.

"The girl I love cares not the least for me, save"—bitterly—"as a friend."

With the last words, George's head sank into his hands.

Kate looked at him aghast.

Never before had she seen a shadow upon her idolized brother's frank, merry face, and now it is no mere cloud but a tempest of suffering that convulsed his features.

She goes to him, and puts her arm around his neck, anger and pride completely routed.

"My poor brother, is it as bad as this?

"Forgive, oh, forgive me if I have wounded you!

"I never will again!"

And so they are reconciled, and for a time everything goes on as before.

Then something happens that has the finger of fate impressed upon it.

George, who has always justly prided himself upon his horsemanship, while riding in the park, is thrown.

The Netherby household is a sad one that night, for in his darkened room George lies, now delirious, and now lapsing into unconsciousness.

In his fall his head had come in contact with a sharp stone, and a grave injury had been the result.

One morning a small, richly-dressed lady enters Mr. Hensel's music shop.

Although her figure is far from stately there is in her bearing that unmistakable something that tells of social importance and refinement.

"May I be allowed to speak with Miss Leonard for a few moments in private?" she asks, courteously.

Her wish is granted, and a little later Kate finds herself alone in the proprietor's private room with the young lady she has come to see.

As her eyes rest upon the pure, noble face, with its soulful eyes and sensitive mouth, Kate's wonder at what she has hitherto termed in her mind "George's infatuation" ceases.

Unceremoniously taking Miss Leonard's hand, she abruptly plunges at once into the object of her visit.

"I am Miss Netherby, George's sister," she says.

"He has told me of his love for you, and of your refusal.

"I have come to satisfy myself as to why that refusal was given—if it could possibly be that where my brother loved he was not cared for in return—or if there was not some other underlying reason.

"He is very ill—perhaps dying, Miss Leonard—and upon your reply his fate may rest."

"Mr. Netherby dying! Oh, do not say so!"

"Have you, then, not heard of the accident that has happened to him—of his being thrown from his horse?"

"No.

"Oh, unsay those words!

"He may be very ill, but not—not hopelessly!"

"Time alone can tell that; but your agitation convinces me of something that I have felt must be so.

"It was not because that you did not love my brother that you refused him."

A wave of crimson sweeps over the lovely face, and as she raises her eyes, Kate sees that they are full of tears.

"You are right," she answers, softly.

"It was not lack of love, but my stubborn pride.

"I had heard of his wealth and high social position.

"I was poor, working for my daily bread.

"It might have been said that I married for mercenary reasons; so I hid my heart and said 'No.'"

"But you will unsay it—you will come with me and save him!

"Oh, listen to me, for what I ask is as much for my own sake as George's; for, like him, I too have fallen in love with you at first sight.

"Sister, will you not come?"

What gentle woman-heart could resist such pleading?

George lives; whether it is the sight of Grace Leonard's lovely face that cured him or not, it is certain that from the moment he felt the clasp of her warm, soft fingers, and heard her sweet voice recall the troubled words of their last parting, he grew, not better, but well.

The doctors may prescribe for the body; but there is only one physician, whose name is Love, that can heal that most deadly of all ills—heart-sickness.

"You did me a good service after all, Ada," Miss Netherby said, mischievously; "for if you hadn't told me what you did, George would have kept his disappointment to himself, and I should never have known my sweet sister that is to be."

Pennraven's Master.

BY ANNA GALLAGER.

"THIS is Mr. Gaylord's residence, sir," said the driver of a carriage from Lentonville Station, as he checked his horses before the carved iron gates and high stone wall that shut in a handsome modern mansion standing in the midst of park-like grounds.

The driver noticed that he limped badly, and leaned heavily for support on an ivory-headed cane.

"One of them Australian chaps, I should not wonder," he thought as he drove away.

"His big beard and his sun-burned face looked just as Mr. Gaylord's did when he came home from over there.

"But I doubt if this chap has had Mr. Gaylord's luck.

"His pockets might be as empty as mine, for all the show he makes about his dress."

Meanwhile the "Australian chap" limped slowly on toward the house.

His heart was full, and his mind was busy with the day, now just ten years ago, when he and Walter Gaylord parted at the Docks.

Both were poor, both were very ambitious.

And here was the end of all their dreams and aspirations of that bygone time!

Walter was a wealthy man among the magnates of the city, and the husband of a fashionable woman, who had inherited from her dead father a large fortune in her own right.

John Weston sighed and shook his head, looking down at his shabby clothes and crippled foot.

"We are first cousins, and we were like brothers in the dear old days.

"Will he be glad to see me now, and like this?" he wondered.

The question was soon answered.

Down the avenue toward him came his cousin.

A lady leaned with an air of rightful appropriation on his arm.

A few paces behind the pair walked a slight, graceful girl of seventeen, plainly dressed and carrying a superb Indian shawl.

"Walter himself, looking more than ten years older, and far less happy than he used to look," commented the Australian.

"Pray, who are you, sir?" said Mrs. Gaylord, addressing the Australian.

"Do you not know that these are private grounds, and that you are committing a trespass in entering—a very impertinent one, too?"

The Australian removed his hat with a murmured "Pardon!"

"John Weston! dear old Jack!" cried Mr. Gaylord, dropping his wife's gloved hand unceremoniously from his arm and seizing upon the stranger.

"My dear boy!

"How glad I am to see you safe home once more!"

They held each other's hands in silence. Neither could speak as the sad and tender memories of the past rose up before them.

Margaret Gaylord looked on, sympathizing with their emotion, and loving her cousin Walter better than ever for his hearty greeting of one to whom fortune, evidently, had not been too kind.

But Mrs. Gaylord stood apart, swelling with indignation, biting her thin lips, and scanning every article of the stranger's shabby, worn attire with her deeply set black eyes.

"I'll go back to the house with you, Jack," said her husband, still utterly forgetful of her presence.

"You'll want luncheon now, for we dine late—half-past seven.

"Where is your luggage?—Margaret, you'll tell them to send it up to the cedar room as soon as it comes.

"Now, old fellow, tell me where you have been and how you have got on, and all about it."

"The cedar room, Mr. Gaylord?"

The sharp, imperative tone recalled Mr. Gaylord to his senses, reminding him that he was a husband, and a bitterly henpecked one to boot.

"Yes, my love," he said, apologetically, as he hastily drew her aside.

"I beg your pardon for forgetting to present John to you.

"Jack Weston, you know, Julie—my oldest, dearest friend.

"I have spoke of him to you more than a hundred times."

"You have indeed!" Her tone and look spoke volumes.

"But I beg you to remember, Mr. Gaylord—and you too, Margaret—that the cedar room is to be reserved for my friends, General and Mrs. Molyneux, who are to be here next week in time for my birthnight-party."

"All right! all right, my love!

"But you will let me introduce Jack to you?

"I must ask him to stop with us, Julia.

"Any room you choose to assign to him, my dear.

"Now, shall I bring him to speak to you?"

"I can speak to him at dinner, Mr. Gaylord," was the ungracious reply.

Mr. Gaylord turned as his wife swept away, her head held high and her eyes ignoring the very existence of the returned Australian.

He stood meekly aside and lifted his hat.

But his eyes followed the girlish niece of the imperious lady.

"Women are the strangest creatures!" said his friend, irritably.

"At any other time than this, Jack, Julie would have been pleased to see you; but just now everyone within twenty miles of this place is raving mad about the Master of Pennraven, and Julie is as bad as the rest.

"You must excuse her, Jack, for my sake."

"Of course," said John Weston with most aggravating indifference to the magnificent Julia's moods.

"But Walter, tell me, who is that pretty girl?"

"My cousin Margaret, the only child of uncle George, who broke his heart over his own failure in business during the last panic, and died.

"He made my fortune, Jack, by taking me into his firm on equal terms when I was so very young.

"If you had only come home rich, John, what a wife you might have had!"

"Rich or poor, she is the only girl that I will ever marry," said John Weston.

"I'm not quite a pauper, though I am a cripple for a time.

"If I can prove to you that I am able to offer your cousin a comfortable and respectable home, and if she can bring herself to care for me in time, even lacking a large fortune, will you give your consent to the marriage?"

"With all my heart, Jack.

"You have but that one fault—that you are not rich.

"But if Margaret does not object to that, I am sure no one else need do so.

"Make her happy, Jack, whatever your home may be, and I will give her to you with my blessing, and with a small purse for housekeeping expenses to boot.

"And now come up to the house, old fellow, and for this one week we will take what comfort we can and may."

* * * * * *

The "week of comfort," as Walter Gaylord called it, soon passed.

General and Mrs. Molyneux arrived, and were duly installed in the cedar room, and from morning till night conversation turned entirely upon two subjects—the Master of Pennraven, and the birthnight ball.

John Weston troubled himself very little about either.

In his shabby brown suit he pervaded the house and grounds, generally contriving to keep close to Margaret Gaylord's side.

The lonely, unappreciated girl felt very grateful to him for the pains he took to interest and amuse her.

Before the week ended she had grown to look upon him as a dear and confidential friend.

So that when he found her, one evening, sitting by herself in the drawing-room and sobbing as if her heart would break, it seemed quite proper and natural that he should sit down beside her and gently draw the handkerchief away from her eyes, while he asked what had caused her grief.

"So foolish, you will think it, Mr. Weston," she said.

"But I did so wish to go to that party! I was never at one in my life."

"And why don't you go?" asked John Weston.

"Mrs. Gaylord does not wish it: she just now told me so.

"She says I have no dress nice enough for her ball.

"If I had money I would buy one. Don't you see?"

"Pardon my stupidity.

"Tell me, Margaret—may I call you Margaret?—what dress would you buy if you had the means?"

"If I was rich, nothing less than lace over white silk would suit me, and pearls for my neck and arms.

"Being poor, I would content myself with a white tarletane, made very full, and a natural white rose in my hair.

"But even that simple toilette would cost a great deal more than I would like to ask of Cousin Walter."

On the day before the party a box arrived for Miss Margaret Gaylord, and was found to contain the very evening dress of her dreams—white lace, looped up with clusters of white roses, over white silk; a necklace and bracelets of pearls; a pearl and silver bouquet holder filled with fresh white roses; a cluster of white roses for the hair; and a pair of white satin slippers, such as Cinderella might have worn.

Margaret stood utterly confounded as the servant lifted out these treasures one after another and laid them on the bed.

"Who could have sent them?" she cried.

She stood for a moment lost in thought. Then, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, she hurried from the room.

John Weston was walking to and fro on the gravel path outside the front door, smoking his cigar.

"Oh, Mr. Weston, did you tell Cousin Walter?" she asked.

"Did I tell him what, Margaret?"

"About the ball dress. Oh! it is so beautiful!

"But it must have cost a small fortune."

"I have not uttered one word about your dress to your cousin," said John Weston, quietly.

"But who could have sent it, then? Did you send it?" she asked.

"I?"

He looked down at his shabby clothes.

"Do you suppose I should go about in this guise if I had money to throw away on white silk ball-dresses?" he asked.

A soft and kindly sympathy shone upon him from her gentle eyes.

"Are you so very poor?" she asked.

"Two months ago I was utterly penniless, Margaret.

"No one knows more of poverty than I.

"It is a bitter, degrading companion.

"Worst of all when it lays a seal upon a man's lips in the presence of the woman whom he loves."

Margaret was silent.

All thought of the ball-dress seemed to have gone entirely out of her mind.

John Weston took her hand.

"We have not known each other long, Margaret, and yet I think we have learned to know each other well.

"And if I was a rich man—as rich as the Master of Pennraven, for instance—I should ask you to be my wife.

"But I cannot expect you to care for me as I am a poor, shabby, crippled fellow, twice your age."

"Indeed I do care for you," she said, warmly.

"How can I help it, when you have been so kind?"

"Margaret!" a sharp voice called from the door.

Margaret drew her hand away, and turned with burning cheeks to meet Mrs. Gaylord.

John Weston strolled leisurely away.

"Pray, what do you mean by such disgusting forwardness?" asked Mrs. Gaylord.

"Have you been talking to him about your dress?

"Never did I know any one half so forward.

"Well, your wonderful ball-dress will do you very little good in this house.

"I distinctly forbid you to appear at my party.

"Do you understand me?"

Tears filled Margaret's eyes.

"Go up to my room and finish turning that blue dress that I told you to alter three days ago," said Mrs. Gaylord, sweeping back into the house with a scornful toss of her head.

* * * * * *

For once Margaret Gaylord did not obey.

Instead of going meekly up to Mrs. Gaylord's room, she went down the long walk—"boldly following John Weston," as Mrs. Gaylord would have said.

She found him pacing up and down beneath the trees with a very serious face.

He came eagerly to meet her, and drew her hand within his arm.

"What was your particular sin of omission or commission this afternoon?" inquired Jack.

"I had forgotten to finish a dress she gave me to alter.

"I meant to do it, but when that box came with my own lovely dress in it, I could think of nothing else.

"And oh, only think!" she continued, flushing up, "I cannot wear it, after all!"

"Why not?"

"Mrs. Gaylord is very angry about it.

"She forbade my appearing at her party.

"I am so disappointed!"

"But you shall go!" cried Jack.

"That is, if you will be guided by me.

"I have just been having a few words with your cousin Walter.

"He owns that for the sake of peace in his house he has passed over far too many things without notice.

"It has grieved him to see you treated badly, and he would be glad if you could find a better home.

"I have satisfied him that I can give you one; that is, a happier one.

"For you will be happier, Margaret, even in a poor cabin, if you are the sole mistress there, and honored and beloved.

"Now, it is for you to decide.

"Your cousin Walter will take you from this house to-night, if you choose, to his sister's house.

"I will come there to-morrow afternoon and take you to church.

"Anticipating your decision, I have procured a special license.

"You shall wear the lovely ball-dress that the good fairy sent you," he added, with an indulgent smile.

"And as soon as the ceremony is over, you and I will return with your cousin, and you shall attend the party.

"Rely upon it, Mrs. Gaylord will not refuse to receive you as my bride.

"Will you go, Margaret?"

"Yes," she said, frankly.

"I shall be glad to go with you.

"You are the only person, except my cousin Walter, who has been kind to me since my poor father died."

"But you quite understand that your life may be one of poverty and care?

"I don't wish to deceive you on that point, but I can promise to love you through it all to the end."

"That is all I ask—that and to make you happy.

"I shall care nothing for care or poverty if I share them with you."

John Weston's face looked radiantly handsome in this hour of triumph.

"It has always been my dream of dreams to be loved for myself alone Margaret.

"And now that dream is realized.

"A poor, shabby cripple, I have yet won the one woman in the world that I could love for my own dear wife."

"I dislike to hear you speak of yourself in that slighting kind of way," said Margaret.

"Please don't."

"I will not, my darling.

"I'll allude to myself as reverently as if I was the Master of Pennraven himself.

"Margaret, you have not yet seen him.

"If he should love you at first sight, as I did—if he should wish to marry you——"

"Do not talk of such things, Mr. Weston."

"'Mr. Weston!' Am I to be called by that name still?

"Tell me the truth, Margaret. Is it not selfish in me to hurry you into this marriage?

"Would you rather wait a little longer?

"The Master of Pennraven might——"

"If you mention his name to me again, I shall think you mean to insult me," said Margaret, with spirit.

"I hate the sound of his name even now."

That evening a close carriage left Mr. Gaylord's house containing Margaret and her cousin Walter.

John Weston had already vanished, to the great delight of Mrs. Gaylord.

"I was afraid he would hang about here in those shabby clothes, disgracing us before my guests at the party," she said to her husband.

And she was puzzled by his puzzled look as he meekly answered that John Weston would never again intrude upon her until she herself should ask him to come.

"Then he will stay away for ever," said she.

Mrs. Gaylord drew a long breath of relief as the carriage drove away.

She was glad to have Margaret out of the house till the party was over.

It would be too tiresome to see her moping about with red eyes, thinking herself injured and abused; and it would be an easy matter to recall her at the proper time for her return.

The eventful day dawned at last, and with it came tidings that for a few moments damped Mrs. Gaylord's sunny self-content.

The Master of Pennraven, who had been in delicate health for years, had died suddenly at sea on his way home from Atadeira.

"His fortune and estate had fallen to the "next of kin," of whose abject poverty at the time of the great windfall the most romantic stories were told.

He was coming instantly to Pennraven.

After a moment's thought, Mrs. Gaylord wrote a fresh card, and dispatched it to "Mr. J. W. Pennraven."

One would do as well as another, she told herself, with a smile.

At the appointed time the guests assembled, but, oddly enough, no master of the house was there to receive them.

Mrs. Gaylord made such excuses as she could for his absence, hiding her annoyance and indignation under a pleasant smile.

"If he only will come before the Master of Pennraven arrives I will forgive him," she thought.

In one of the pauses of the music she heard a carriage drive to the door. In a few moments the butler appeared, his eyes rolling with wonder.

"Mr. and Mrs. Pennraven," he said, "and my master."

Hastening forward to greet her distinguished guests, Mrs. Gaylord suddenly forgot her good manners, and stood staring at them as wildly as the butler had stared at her.

There stood the obnoxious John Weston, in a handsome evening suit, and Margaret—Margaret Gaylord—was leaning on his arm, looking bright, beautiful, and happy, in the white silk dress and pearls.

Behind the pair stood Walter Gaylord, smiling slyly over his wife's discomfited surprise.

But seeing a storm of indignation rising in her eyes, he came forward in time to prevent it.

"Our friend John Weston was the man to whom Mr. Pennraven's fortune fell," he explained.

"With the fortune he took the family name.

"He is a romantic kind of fellow, and he wished to marry a woman who would accept him, believing him to be poor.

"He found that woman in our cousin Margaret.

"And having been so long under your care, Julia, she looks to you entirely to introduce her into the best society here and in town," he added, in a lower tone.

He knew his wife well.

The bait he administered was eagerly swallowed.

Mrs. Gaylord forgot her anger in the pleasure of presenting the mistress of Pennraven to her guests that night.

"They met at our house," she would say, afterwards, when the marriage was discussed.

"I was against it at first.

"I dreaded poverty for her, for she had never known it.

"So, feeling sure that I would not approve, they made a runaway match in the end.

"But it has turned out charmingly.

"They seemed to have been made for each other, and they are as happy as the day is long."

She spoke the truth.

In all the land no happier home exists than that over which the mistress of Pennraven presides to this day.

A Terrible Time.

BY LOLA GARRISON.

"IF you please, ma'am," said Betsey, the hired help, "there's a madman in the barn!"

I had just settled myself comfortably down to my morning task of coloring a cluster of slender stemmed blue harebells, which Donald had brought in, a trophy of his before-breakfast walk up the mountains.

"Where," quoth I to myself, as I glanced around the cool little library, "in all the dusty, heated city, will you find a nook like this, with the scent of giant pine trees floating in at the casement, and the whistling of blackbirds filling up the silence?

"I declare, it is enough to inspire any one!"

Thus wrapped in Elysian dreams, Betsey's announcement came like a thunder-clap upon my hearing.

I dropped my camel's hair pencil, and sat gazing blankly upon her aghast countenance.

"A—what?" I gasped.

"A madman, ma'am," said Betsey. "Leastways, that's what Parson Gadsley shouted out, as he was galloping by on horseback to catch the down train with the mail bag, hallooing good and loud, as he's aware I ain't quick of hearing. 'Tell your missis,' says he, 'to call the children in.

"'There's an insane man in the barn!' says he."

"But, Betsey," cried I, involuntarily clutching at the baby's crib, "it can't be possible."

"That's what Parson Gadsley said, ma'am, and I'll take my Bible oath to it," said Betsey, nodding her head with a countenance expressive of entire conviction.

"Then why didn't he come to our help?" I exclaimed, wringing my hands helplessly.

"Don't know, ma'm," said Betsey, "unless it was because the mail train, like time and tide in the spelling book, waits for no man."

I looked appealingly at Betsey.

"Betsey," said I, "would you mind locking the barn-doors, like a dear good soul, while I run after Donald and Tommy?"

Betsey cleared her throat emphatically.

"Not if I know it, ma'am," said she.

"I have no more partiality than other folks for crazy people.

"My uncle, he was assistant keeper in the Dunkerville Lunatic Asylum, and he was choked to death by one of the patients, forty odd years ago.

"And I don't mean that sort of thing shall run in the family, ma'am, not if I can help it."

"Then," cried I, driven to sudden resolve, "Stay here with the baby, Betsey. Don't leave her for your life, while I go after the boys.

"Good Heavens, if the wretch should be attacking them even now!"

With almost superhuman speed and swiftness I ran down along the edge of the woods, seized Tommy and Donald each by one hand, and dragged them home, not even waiting to explain matters to their bewildered little ears.

"Come, children, come!" I panted.

"Oh, do make haste.

"We must get back to the house immediately."

"But I've left my fishing-hook, mamma," pleaded Donald, with a longing lingering look over his shoulder.

"Can't we stop in the barn, mamma," cried Tommy, "to see if Mr. Jones has sent the cosset lamb he promised us?"

"Children," said I, pausing to regain my breath, "at your peril keep away from the barn.

"There is a crazy man there.

"Heaven only knows what violence he may attempt to perpetrate.

"Run to the house—run as fast as you can."

And, pausing only to see them flying like swift little antelopes up the terraced slopes of the lawn, I hastened, with blanched cheeks and wildly-beating heart, to the barn, and was fortunate enough to secure both doors by wooden bars and outside buttons, only before the attention of a broad-faced bristly-haired ruffian was sufficiently attracted to induce him to present his moon-like countenance at one of the stable windows.

Without heed to his frantic gestures and loudly-shouted words, I fled back to the house, and sank, nearly fainting, on the chintz sofa, with both hands clasped over my eyes.

"I declare for it, though, that was real gritty," was Betsey's admiring comment, as she hurried to bring the camphor and red lavender to my rescue.

"Mamma, will he kill us?" whispered Donald, who was a timid child and clung close to me.

"Shall I cut off his head with my tin sword, mamma?" bawled Tommy, the irrepressible.

"Betsey," I cried, rousing myself to the paramount necessity of not fainting, "place yourself at the window. Watch for passers-by——"

"Like Sister Anne in the story of 'Bluebeard,' mamma," wistfully interpolated Donald.

"Explain to them our dreadful predicament," I went on.

"Summon help the instant it appears; and above all, keep every door and casement locked and bolted, lest that fiend in human shape should break loose and attack us. There's an old rifle upstairs in the garret, isn't there, Betsey?" I added, with a sudden inspiration.

"Yes, ma'm," says Betsey, "but it isn't in first-rate working order, I calculate."

"There isn't either stock nor lock to it," chimed in Tommy. "I loaded it with some ashes last week and put in pebbles for bullets, and it wouldn't fire off at all."

"But there's the carving-knife and the potato-pounder," suggested Donald.

I looked at the clock.

It would be six hours before my husband would return from the city.

Suppose—this was a lonely and seldom-traveled neighborhood—that there should be no passers-by between that time and this.

"Betsey," I said "this won't do. I believe my hair will turn white with this terrible agony of suspense."

"Ma'am," said Betsey, who had the Shaksperian faculty of not "marking withal."

"Either you or I must go for help," I uttered very distinctly.

"If it wasn't for going right past the barn door I wouldn't mind," said Betsey.

"It's fastened, Betsey," I pleaded.

"But them there wooden buttons doesn't amount to anything," said Betsey. "And s'pose he jumps out at me?"

I was just about to reproach Betsey with having none of the elements of the heroine in her composition, when little Donald, who had posted himself in the garret-window to watch, came tumbling head over heels into the room with Tommy close behind.

"Mamma, mamma!" they shouted in chorus, "there's somebody coming; and we guess it's Parson Gadsley on horseback, riding back from the train.

"Stop him," I gasped; "for mercy's sake stop him!"

"He's making straight for the barn," said Betsey, who had stretched the skinny length of her neck further out of the window than I dared to do. "He's heard that fellow's hallooing. He's unbarring the big doors. Land of liberty!"—with a long breath—"there comes the poor crazy creature out with a hop, skip and jump. Well, if Parson Gadsley likes to risk it, I wouldn't."

At this moment, however, Parson Gadsley himself knocked briskly at the door.

I made haste to open it.

"Are you all crazy here?" said the parson, with a broad smile upon his sun-burned countenance. "If you are not, what in the name of all creation possessed you to shut up my son Hiram in the barn for?"

"Your son Hiram?" I gasped feebly. "Was that your son Hiram? I—I thought it was an insane man."

"What?" roared the parson.

"Betsey said that you shouted out as you rode by, 'Tell your mistress to call the children in; there's an insane man in the barn.'"

"Good Heavens!" cried the parson, slapping his knee, "how folks will get things twisted around. I never said any such thing. What I did say was, 'Ther's a tame lamb in the barn.' I've promised one to those boys of yours ever since they came up here, and this morning our Hiram fetched them a regular little cosset. And there he is, munching clover down there, with Hiram holding on to his rope. And you supposed it was a crazy man. Well, that does beat all. Ha, ha, ha!"

The parson's laughter echoed through my little parlor like the reverberations of a thunderstorm.

I looked reproachfully at Betsey, as the primal cause of all the panic.

That damsel, however, evinced no sign of discomfiture.

"Well," said Betsey slowly, "I always was a little hard of hearing, ever since I had the scarlet fever, twenty two years ago. And I suppose we're all liable to mistakes."

That was the end of our hour of terror.

For, ridiculous as it all seems to write down in black and white, it was a real terror at the time.

And I never could look at the innocent little lamb afterwards without a curious fluttering at my heart, vaguely suggestive of the apprehensions I had undergone.

A DUEL WITH PITCHFORKS. — Love makes men committ many follies. The bonds of a lifelong friendship are snapped asunder recklessly when two friends discover they are rivals, and both passionately in love with the same woman. This was the terrible dilemma in which two Frenchmen were recently placed who had been fast friends from their childhood, and were so inseparable that they were commonly called the twin brothers. They were both employed in the house of business which the young lady's father was the head of. They were both vanquished by her charms of mind and person. Each had a competency, and to entire ignorance of each other's sentiments, each proposed marriage to the damsel. This, of course, led to the discovery of their rivalry, and to a tragedy. Neither had the resolution to waive his claims, or give up his hopes in favor of the other, so it was decided that there was no longer room enough in the world for two, therefore that one must die. A duel was consequently determined on, which was to be fought without seconds, and continued until one was dead. The combat took place the rather singular choice of iron pitchforks for weapons being made. After bidding a supreme adieu to each other, the two friends (or foes) commenced fighting, and fortune favoring neither, they fought until both were helpless. They were picked up insensible, and, and conveyed to their respective homes in such a state as to leave little chance for their recovery. Should either survive, it remains to be seen whether the young lady who was the innocent of the duel will accept him for her husband.

A Life's Atonement.

HAROLD I. BOSSITER.

CONSTANCE DINSMORE stood and looked out at the summer sea.

She was a tall woman—tall and faultlessly slender—with great fiery, dusky eyes looking out from under curling brown lashes, a pale, perfect face, and a low smooth brow, from which masses of brown hair rippled away to a large loose coil at her neck.

And Cary Chessington, coming up the walk from the sands, thought her very regal, very beautiful, very perfect, in all that made a woman desirable.

He stood still as he neared the cottage, and waved his hand to her.

Might he come up?

Constance smiled and nodded her head.

In a minute more Mr. Chessington had entered the little drawing-room and was at Miss Dinsmore's side.

"Do you know—can you guess—of what I was thinking as I saw you standing in the window, all glorified by the sunset?" he asked.

"What was it?" turning slowly to face him, and leaning back against the window-frame with her hands idly clasped in front of her.

"That you looked the very impersonation of the Goddess of Fortune. You have everything that heart can desire."

"Not everything. I desire love."

"Surely you have that?" he cried, in surprise. "Everyone remarks upon Lorrimer's devotion. Is it true," as if with a sudden doubt, "that you are going to marry him?"

"It is true that I am engaged to him. About marrying—suppose I loved some other man better? What would you advise me to do?"

"To marry the other man, of course," he said, half-smiling, half-doubtingly.

"Ah! But there is where I am unlike the Goddess of Fortune. What if he will not marry me? I cannot make him, can I? That other man is you."

She said it so calmly, it seemed as if she must be joking.

Her hands never fluttered in their idle clasp, nor a flame of color waved in her pale cheeks.

And yet Cary Chessington knew that she was in earnest.

The knowledge came to him suddenly, but beyond the shadow of a doubt, that this queenly beauty, with all her dower of beauty and station and wealth was offering her hand and heart to her penniless second cousin for very mad, unquenchable love of him.

Marry her—marry Constance Dinsmore?

He had no more ever thought of such a thing than he thought of marrying a princess of the blood royal.

He——

But why hesitate?

It was the work of a moment to accept what was offered him.

He unclasped the jeweled hands and folded them about his neck.

He drew the proud head against his breast, and smiled down into the dusky eyes, and dropped kiss after kiss upon the yielding, passionate mouth.

So they were betrothed.

It was late that night when Miss Dinsmore sought her room, and then her first act was to write and seal a letter to Lorrimer that should be delivered early in the morning.

Next she sent for Lesley—Lesley, her little adopted ward and companion.

"But, stay," she said, as her maid reached the door. "The child is asleep, of course. I will not have her awakened. Send her to me early in the morning."

In the morning the maid brought the startling message that Lesley was not in her room, had not been in during the night.

"Not in her room, Lizette? You must be dreaming!" cried Miss Dinsmore. "Look for her—look for her everywhere. She must have slept in some other room."

But search did not reveal Lesley's whereabouts, and Constance was still all anxiety about her little protege when Chessington made his appearance.

"Oh, Cary!" she exclaimed, when she had allowed herself a few moments of bliss in her betrothed's arms, "Lesley has disappeared. I cannot imagine what has become of the girl, and am all anxiety to find her. You must help me."

Chessington was startled.

"What, Lesley run away? The girl to whom you have been so kind?"

"Run away? I did not say she had run away," retorted Constance severely.

At noon Cary brought to Miss Dinsmore's cottage the news that Lesley had left the beach by a late night train, in company with a well-dressed but strange gentleman.

Constance's lips whitened.

Into her dusky eyes came a look of pain.

"To think Lesley should have gone astray! Little, shy, gentle Lesley. Poor child, to go to such a fate!"

"Perhaps it is all right," suggested Cary. "Don't be too hard on the girl."

"All right! It can't be all right. Lesley is the victim of some heartless wretch. I do not blame the girl. I blame the villain who has wrought her ruin, and myself that I was not a better friend to her."

"Hush, dearest, I hate to hear you talk like that," said Cary. "You were very kind to her."

"I gave her a home, and nice clothes, and an easy life, but I never showed the girl half how much I really loved her, or I might have won her confidence and saved her from ruin."

"Constance, you shall not be so hard on yourself. Let us talk of something else. We may find Lesley yet."

But they heard nothing from the girl until a day or so previous to their marriage.

Then there came a blotted, rambling note to Miss Dinsmore, thanking her for her kindness, and assuring her that though it had torn the writer's heart to deceive and desert so kind a benefactress, yet that she was supremely happy in her life with a man whom she loved beyond all else on earth.

It was the only cloud that rested upon Constance's wedding day—this surety that poor little Lesley, so young and so fair, had gone to ruin.

They had been married a year—Mr. and Mrs. Chessington—and the world wondered whether there ever was a happier couple.

They certainly seemed perfectly mated.

Cary was faultlessly devoted to his regal wife, and enjoyed to the full every good gift of physical enjoyment that Constance's thousands could bestow.

They had an elegant cottage at the seaside, a magnificent establishment in town, and Cary owned a yacht that cost a fortune in itself, and drove horses that were the envy of every man in his set.

It was just after their return to town at the end of their first year of blissful wedded life, that Constance again met Lesley.

The girl came out of a store and entered a cab, just as Mrs. Chessington was about to alight from her carriage.

Instead of carrying out her previous purpose, Constance ordered her coachman to follow the cab.

When, in a remote side-street, Lesley left her cab, Constance alighted too, and ran quickly up the steps after the girl.

"Lesley!"

The child—she was scarcely more than that, a little pale, pretty thing—gave a little gasp of fright, and stood reddening, and trembling, and speechless, under the half-stern, half-pitiful inquiry in Constance's eyes.

"Is this where you live, Lesley?"

"Yes, but—but don't come in!"

"Not come in?"

"I must come home with me. Which shall it be? I must and will talk with you."

"I will come with you."

The two went down to Mrs. Chessington's carriage.

"Drive home slowly, James," she said to her coachman.

Then when they were safely shut in:

"My poor child, has it gone as far as this?"

Lesley reddened again, and some tears dropped down her flushed cheeks; but she could not steady her voice to answer.

"There, child; do not cry. I will not question you any more now; but when we get home you must tell me all about it."

She helped the girl tenderly from the carriage, and led her into her own boudoir, and made her lie down on an easy couch.

Then she drew a low chair beside her and said, with gentle reproach—

"Lesley, how could you do it?

"How came you to leave me, who would always have given you a home and guarded you from all harm?"

"Because I loved him so. I had to do just as he wished.

"I know it was wrong; but—if you only know how I loved him!" cried the girl pitifully, eloquently.

"Poor child! And how has he requited such love?

"You don't mean—oh, you can't think—that I—I—was not married when I went away?" exclaimed the girl, in wild-eyed horror.

It was the first time in her life that Constance had blushed, but she did it now before the questioning in those pure frightened eyes.

"I think so. Thank Heaven if it was not true!

"Then you are a wife, Lesley?"

"I was that before I left you."

"And your husband's name?"

"Ah! that is his secret. That is what he will not let me tell.

"But, believe me, he is good and beautiful, and honorable. You must think it is all right. It is."

"Dear child, I believe you—that you are all right—but I hope that you have secured correct proofs of your marriage. This mystery is very strange, you know, Lesley. What motive can your husband have for keeping his name a secret—least of all from me, your best friend?"

Lesley turned away her head.

"Oh, I cannot tell you," she said. "Please don't ask me."

"He is a scamp, and he has made no promise."

"Very well; but remember this, child, that you will always find a true and ready friend in me, if times of trouble come. And now, Lesley, you must congratulate me. I am married, though I suppose you have heard it?"

"Yes, I know, to Mr. Lorrimer."

"To Mr. Lorrimer?" No indeed; to my second cousin, Cary Chessington.

"Cary Chessington! Married to Cary Chessington! Oh, no, no, no! Not to him!"

Lesley had sprung from the couch with a face white as that of a corpse, uttering her protest in heart-breaking cries.

Now she fell back in a dreadful convulsion.

Constance was almost as colorless as her young visitor, as she crossed the room and rung for help.

Somehow she [illegible] the girl into clearness.

Four hours later Cary Chessington let himself into his luxurious home, with a snatch of song on his lips.

A white-faced, burning-eyed woman met him with uplifted warning hand.

"Come with me," she commanded, in a voice so hard and strained he scarcely recognized it as that of his wife's, and he followed her as men do follow when they feel themselves helpless in the hands of fate.

Constance ushered him into her boudoir, where two persons, her maid and a physician moved about silently.

"There, Cary Chessington, is your child? There is your wife! She is dying!"

He staggered back against the wall, ashy and trembling.

A faint voice sounded whisperingly in the room.

"Cary! Did Cary come?"

Constance fairly pushed him to the side of the couch.

"Speak to her," she said fiercely.

He put out his hand and touched Lesley's.

The girl opened her eyes flutteringly, smiled faintly and—was dead.

An hour later Cary Chessington went forth from that room and that house for ever, a wanderer and an outcast until he met a violent death in a Western land.

And Constance Dinsmore, for the law gave her back the old name, seeks to atone for her unconscious sin by her devotion to Lesley's little orphan daughter.

Much Too Clever.

BY [illegible] WRIGHT.

THE Saturday's cleaning was done at the [illegible], the windows and doors were newly scrubbed, and the tinware in the big, roomy kitchen was scoured till it shone like polished silver.

The old farmhouse itself was in apple-pie order, neat as a new pin, and the yellow chrysanthemums and scarlet nasturtiums in the front yard looked as if they had just had their faces washed, they were so fresh and smiling.

"Well, now," said Aunt Susan Larkins, looking around with an air of satisfaction, "everything's done that I can do, so I may as well be off.

"Though how Mr. Mayberry is a-going to get along with the housework when I'm going, is more'n I know."

And tying on her ruffled cotton sun bonnet, Aunt Susan took her departure.

And when Archibald Mayberry came in from the field, he found the house shut up, and the old dorking hen, with her brood of long-legged pullets, scratching unmolested in Aunt Susan's pony-bed in the front yard.

"Aunt Susan has really gone," said Archibald to himself, with a perplexed look in his hazel eyes.

"What business had her daughter Nancy to get married, and send for her mother to come and live with her, I'd like to know?

"And now I've got to remain bachelor, I suppose, or else take everybody's advice, and get me a wife."

But which to do was a puzzle, and Archibald sat meditating till the dew fell and the nightingale began to sing.

* * * * * *

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Melvina Wilton, glancing out of her window one morning, "if there ain't Archibald Mayberry a-going to Miss Plunket's ag'in!

"That's three times he went there this week.

"Must be that old maid's a-setting her cap at him.

"Well, it beats me how some folks can be so bold.

"Yes, he's went right in the gate, and now he's a-knocking at the front door.

"I'm just a-going to sit here and watch till he comes out; and then I'll go down to the milliner's for some of that cardinal ribbon, and of course I'll meet him, and if Tabithey Plunket has been a-trying to catch him, I'll have a finger in the pie myself, or I'm much mistaken.

Archibald's a handsome man, and well-to-do man, and he's got the best farm of anybody round.

"I'll invite him to dinner to-morrow, too," she added.

"It'll be a charity, anyhow, for of course he can't cook anything fit for a man to eat, if he has to get his own meals every day. And it'll be a good investment, too," continued the widow, with a shrewd look in her sharp, black eyes; "for, if I settle Tabithey Plunket's artful game, there'll be a good chance [illegible] to be mistress of Mayberry Farm."

"Of course, I'd keep Cherry. If she's idiot enough to work for her board and clothes, I ain't a-going to tell her any better. And she's a heap of help to me, too. Plenty of girls that get one hundred dollars a-year, don't do half the work she does. But of course I don't let her know it. She'd be a-wanting wages, if I didn't avoid around and find fault as much as possible. I've kept the beaux away, too, pretty close. I won't give her any chance to get married, if I can help it."

And so the widow donned her best silk dress, tied a coquettish lace veil over her leghorn bonnet, and started out to the milliner's; while Cherry—pretty little Cherry Hollistee—roasted the turkey and cooked the vegetables, made apple sauce and dressed pies and fried cakes and plum preserves, for the next day's dinner.

"Oh, dear," she said, with a half-sob; "how hard it is to be cooped up in the house, working and drudging from morning till night, this lovely October weather, when the woods are changing their colors, and the blackberries are ripe, and the grapes hanging in thick, purple clusters. The air is so blue and smoky, and I know the leaves outside are crimson and the berries as rich as blood."

The kitchen was small, and the heat from the cooking-stove flushed Cherry's cheeks till they glowed like one of the rosy winter apples growing in the old Mayberry orchard.

A colony of rooks were holding a noisy conclave in the old elm-tree near the house, and the tall chrysanthemums in the front garden were throwing long shadows on the crisp grass.

But Cherry could only sigh and cast longing glances out of the window as she bustled about the hot kitchen, basting the plump turky, or rolling out the short, flaky crust for the damson pies.

And if she did work for her living, there was no prettier or sweeter girl in all the village round than Cherry Hollistee, with her Titian-red hair and her soft, gray blue eyes, shaded by long, golden lashes.

Mrs. Wilton entered her own gate with exuberant complacency.

"That was a lucky hit," she muttered, with a smile of satisfaction, "telling him Tabithey Plunket was engaged to Dick Mannerly! I've settled her hash, anyway, and he believed it, too! He turned as red as a turkey-gobbler when I told him. Tabithey 'll be as mad as a hornet, and I get to be mistress of Mayberry Farm."

But, in spite of her complacency, Mrs. Wilton did not forget to find fault with Cherry, as usual.

"I don't believe that turkey's half done," she grumbled, sweeping out to the kitchen in her rustled silk dress, with her red morocco portemonnaie dangling from her wrist. "And them pies are scorched! I declare, Cherry, you're a getting careless and careless every day!" she scolded crossly, "and if it wasn't that it's a charity, I declare I wouldn't keep you another day.

"Very well, Mrs. Wilton," said another voice, as Archibald Mayberry appeared from the porch, where he had been [illegible], screened by a luxurious grape vine; "you need not keep Cherry another day out of charity, for she has promised to be my wife, and the sooner the better for me. I have to thank you for it, too," he added, "for I understood Cherry was engaged to Dick Mannerly, and I was trying to forget her. But, after the welcome bit of information you gave me, I came straight here and proposed. Miss Plunket has been doing some sewing for me," he added slyly, enjoying the widow's discomfiture.

And so it was little Cherry Hollistee who became mistress of Mayberry Farm after all.

UPSIDE DOWN.—The Japanese habit of reversing everything, if we may regard our own way of doing as the proper way, is very curious, and in some of its details very interesting. A recent writer in his work on Japan, discusses it thus: "Another man is planing. He pulls the plane toward him. I notice a blacksmith at work. He pulls the bellows with his feet, while he is holding and hammering with both hands. He has several irons in the fire, and keeps his dinner-pot boiling with the waste. His whole family, like the generations before them, seems to get their living in the hardware line. The cooper holds his tubs with his toes. All of them sit down while they work. Perhaps that is an important difference between a European and an Asiatic. One sits down to his work, the other stands up to [illegible]. Why is it that we do things contrariwise to the Japanese? Are we upside down, or they? The Japanese say that we are reversed. 'They call our penmanship crab writing,' because, say they, 'it goes backward.' The lines in our books cross the page like a crawfish, instead of going downward properly. In a Japanese stable we find the horse's flank where we look for his head. Japanese screws, screw the other way. Their locks thrust to the left, turn to the right. The baby loves of the Aryan race [illegible] when they are [illegible]. The Japanese [illegible] when pull [illegible]. A carpenter, to [illegible] his chisel, and Japanese [illegible] to split the latter. Which race is left handed? Which has the negative, which the positive of truth? What is truth? What is down? What is up?

A MECHANICAL WONDER.—An Ohio man has made a clock which, for mechanism, ranks second to the renowned Cathedral clock at Strasburg. It has eleven different dials arranged on the front and sides of the structure. The first is the solar dial and, among other things, shows when Venus is the morning or evening star, as it rises and sets with that planet. The second is the dial of the heavens, and shows the position at any time of the twelve constellations of the zodiac. Third on is a daily calendar, and the fourth is for solar year and tells the chronological order of each and every day in either the common or leap year. The fifth dial is the Julian calendar, giving the Roman indictions and the Golden Letter, and the sixth is a dial of the moon's phases, giving the time of its rising and setting. The seventh is a dial showing the eclipses of either the sun or moon, and the eighth and ninth show the time at any given place on the face of the earth by pointing the index over the longitude of the proposed place. The tenth dial indicates when any one of the twelve signs of the zodiac is in the ascendency, and the eleventh is a perfect time piece. The maker was at work on it for seven years, and will add several other dials in course of time.

THE reason why people so seldom know how to do their duty on great occasions is that they were not do their duty on little ones.

HE is the best road to happiness and to the [illegible] through love, for love [illegible] wherever we reach them.

Our Young Folks.

THE CAT'S LOVERS.

BY W. H. C.

WHEN you have read the following story you will know [illegible] common cat.

Griselda boast (but she never did boast) an unusually comfy seat, and a comfortable home.

The most irreverent cur that ever drove a cat to royal refuge in a tree must acknowledge these claims to distinction.

She was the last of a race long cherished at the Hall Farm; the lady at the Hall having given the mother of the Griselda to the great-grandmother of the present farmer, who, in compliment to the donor, named the cat Griselda.

Max is the handsome setter from the Hall, whose attentions are encouraged by Griselda and resented by Chance a cur of humble birth.

The farmer always puts the boar to his bark, for he is pleased to take the Setter's courteous compliment to himself; this secret amuses Miss Puss.

The fox, a recent acquaintance, drawn from the woods (so he told the cat) by the report of her charms, and running nightly risk of his life for the sake of short interviews with her.

These meetings were much to Griselda's taste.

It is best not to go to bed just when one feels widest awake, and readiest for fun!

This fox lodged in the hollow trunk of an old tree; at the top of the same tree a squirrel had his nest.

A lively, good-tempered fellow was Sprack, on terms with everybody.

He was performing his morning toilette one day when the fox turned in to sleep.

"Poor chap!" thought the squirrel. "What mischief is he after now?

"A fine shape if there was loss of him; quite in my own style.

"Don't like his face. Now too sharp."

The wood-dove now fluttered on to a bough beside him, sighing deeply.

"Ah, dove! a bad world this!" said Sprack, with his head on one side.

"I notice' it too! too true!" sighed the dove.

"Oh, Sprack! I have been waiting on my cousin pigeon's nest for him; she has not slept a wink this week!

"The fox is courting the farm-house cat!

"His visits so distress my poor cousin, that she grows quite ill.

"We mean to circumvent him [illegible] next."

"I intend breakfast to be the next thing that happens to me," cried Sprack, and he sprang away to seek it.

A rare breakfast it was the hawthorn tree in front of the Hall, laden with red berries each now, in November.

Sprack, wise as he was merry, planned a long day's snack in adding the fruit to his winter stores, the frosty nights warned him that the tree would soon be bare.

The meal ended, Sprack diverted himself by shooting the stones of the haws at the head of the Setter, lying asleep on the door step.

Max, awaking, snapped hither and thither at the flies.

"Insects throughout this hot day," cried Sprack.

"Oh!" said Max, good-humoredly, as soon as he found the saucy eyes shining out of the green leaves, "it's you, is it?"

"I thought I was rather cool for flies.

"I have been waiting for my master until I am as stiff as a ramrod."

"There will be a good fire in the farm kitchen," remarked Sprack slyly.

"Time," returned Max, in his matter-of-fact way, "but I shall not be there before night.

"Oh then, give my compliments to Monsieur the fox."

"Will you be so good?"

"Pray trust your messages to some one more likely to meet the scamp," said Max laughing.

"All right! I'll give them to the lovely Griselda."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing whatever! Just a nut for your cheek, Max.

And he scampered off, leaving Max looking up into the tree with a puzzled face.

It was later than usual before the setter was at liberty.

On arriving at the farm he saw Chance standing in the yard.

"Some mistake in one of the young ducks," he thought. "Poor old Griselda!"

Max knew with what tender care Griselda, spoiled by the notice of grown people, when she was only more than a kitten herself, and [illegible] was fond of her.

"Where is Griselda?" he asked, jumping to a fair bar.

"In the stack-yard," said Chance; "seeking her supper, I think," he added.

He thought to [illegible] the sport, but he did not like the old cat's sneer.

Max ran [illegible] the stack-yard, in time to see [illegible] disappearing [illegible] a hole in the stack.

With a great effort he [illegible] his head [illegible] and [illegible] the cat's tail, [illegible] the cat's [illegible] the point of its tail.

Griselda's fury [illegible] at the intruder.

Sprack, [illegible] with delight, [illegible] to [illegible] proceedings.

Max [illegible] pulled [illegible] Griselda, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

GRANDPA'S DARLING.

BY MIGNON.

A golden head, and a pair of eyes
Blue and merry as summer's skies;
Dimpled cheeks and a dimpled chin,
Where many kisses have tumbled in!
That's grandpa's darling! And where is he?
Enthroned, as usual, on grandpa's knee,
Searching pockets in coat and vest,
With mischievous fingers never at rest.

'Tis grandpa ever finds time to play
With his "troublesome comfort" every day;
Never too tired, never too sad,
To make the little one merry and glad.
There are kisses for every bruise and tumble,
Kisses for even a scowl or a grumble;
And a host of secrets, I will confess,
Which nobody ever is able to guess.

So dear old grandpa, with silvery hair,
And "grandpa's darling," without a care
To shadow the joy of his little heart,
Are rarely each from the other apart.
And e'en when the twilight comes at last,
And the drowsy blue eyes are closing fast,
From grandpa's arms, and from grandpa's breast,
Mamma must bear her boy to rest.

MAKING DRINKS.

FORMING as it does the intoxicating ingredient in fermented liquors, and having regard to the enormous consumption of these at the present day, alcohol is a substance at once of national importance and general interest.

While theoretically obtainable from various chemical substances, practically the whole of our alcohol is derived from starch, sugar, or other saccharine materials; in this country, commonly from grain of various kinds, either malted or unmalted; while in Germany, spirits are largely made from beet-root and carrots; and in Sweden, from the birch and maple.

When barley or other grain is steeped in water till it sprouts, and is then carefully dried, it becomes what is termed malt.

By this process, part of the starch of which the grain is mainly composed has been converted into sugar, and a new substance has been developed, known as diastase, a nitrogenous body, which immediately, when the malt is mixed with water, reacts on the remaining starch, and transforms it also into sugar, the liquid consequently assuming a sweet taste.

We have now, in fact, a solution of sugar which is known as *wort*; but we may attain the same end by using unmalted grain—potatoes, peas, beans, or other starchy material, which, by the addition of dilute sulphuric acid, is converted into a soluble sugar.

Having thus obtained a solution of sugar from any of these sources, or still more directly from beet-root or the 'toothsome cane,' yeast is added to the wort, and the process known as 'fermentation' is rapidly set up, by which the sugar is decomposed into two chief products, alcohol and carbonic acid gas; and several minor ones, glycerine, succinic acid, &c., ninety-five out of every hundred parts of sugar being transformed into alcohol and carbonic acid, four parts going to form glycerine, &c., and one part as nourishment to the yeast plant, which has multiplied immensely, and now forms a frothy scum upon the surface of the liquid.

By the fermentation, spirits have been produced; and the object of the next process, the distillation of the fermented wort or mash, is to separate the spirit from the liquid in which it exists.

The produce of this operation is an impure spirit known as 'low wines,' which has to be re-distilled at a lower temperature, to get rid of part of the water and the oils with which it is contaminated; the product of this second distillation being the mixture of alcohol and water known as 'whisky' or 'spirits of wine,' because it was by the distillation of wine that spirits were first obtained.

In the manufacture of wine, the 'must' or expressed juice of the grape is simply set aside in vats, and fermentation is allowed to take place naturally—in the case of red wine, the skins being left to ferment with the juice, as they contain a large proportion of coloring matter.

The sugar of the grape becomes converted into alcohol; but where there is a large amount of sugar present, some of it may remain unchanged, thus yielding a 'sweet or 'fruity' wine; while one in which all the sugar has been fermented is known as a 'dry' wine.

The cost of wine appears to bear no relation to the amount of spirit in it, but to depend upon the *bouquet* or peculiar flavor given by ethereal salts produced by the acid and alcohol in the wine: and the chief object of adulteration is to imitate this characteristic flavor.

For this purpose, the Greeks use turpentine or resin, just as the ancient Romans used pitch or tar; and most of the cheap champagne sold in this country is prepared from gooseberry wine.

The flavor of Moselle is imitated by a tincture of elder-flowers; while extract of sweet-brier, orris-root, almonds, cherry, and laurel water are largely used for producing various artificial bouquets.

The astringency of wine is imitated by oak sawdust or grape-seeds: while the 'crust' of wine is now no reliable indication of age; for if a bottle of new port be put into hot water, and afterwards placed into a cellar, it soon deposits a crust like that of years; and when well cobwebbed, the deception is complete.

The amount of alcohol present varies greatly in the several liquors of which it forms the intoxicating ingredient, rum containing about seventy-five per cent.; whisky and brandy averaging about fifty; port wine, twenty; sherry, fifteen to twenty-four; Madeira, nineteen; claret, ten; champagne, fourteen; cider, six; ales and porter, from six to twelve; and abstainers will probably be surprised to learn that all fermented drinks contain alcohol, ginger beer, &c., usually containing from one to three per cent. of it.

Grains of Gold.

Sacrifice money rather than principle.

Use your leisure time for improvement.

Cultivate habits of punctuality and method.

Too strained a gravity becomes ridiculous.

Consider well, and then decide positively.

Whilst you seek new friendship, cultivate the old.

A pleasing countenance is a silent commendation.

He who knows most, grieves most for wasted time.

Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast.

Fortune does not change men; it only unmasks them.

We count by changes and events within us. Not by years.

True worth is summed up in the faithful discharge of duty.

Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low.

Avoid extravagant promises. State facts, and act up to them.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

The milestone to-morrow leads to the town of "never."

A contemplative man can always employ himself in meditation.

When a man is wrong, and won't admit it, he always gets angry.

Success leads to success. One point gained will continue to accomplish.

Joy, and temperance, and repose, slam the door on the doctor's nose.

What matters if one has not gold in his purse, if he has it in his heart?

It is better to humor the conceited than to seek to destroy their principles.

He who laughs at cruelty sets his heel on the neck of religion and godliness.

A man in any station can do his duty, and in doing it, can earn his own respect.

There cannot be a greater treachery than to raise a confidence, and then deceive it.

Save something of what you earn. Youth and strength are not always our privileges.

Be not over hasty in making a bargain. Study first both the advantages and disadvantages.

Reason from well-grounded precedents, and be not too confident of a preconceived opinion.

It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's.

To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine senses is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

Watch for opportunities of usefulness. Every day brings them, and once gone they are gone forever.

Self denial is the most exalted pleasure, and the conquest of evil habits is the most glorious triumph.

In all true work there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven.

A calm, quiet, orderly demeanor accomplishes more than a blustering tongue and an arrogant attitude.

That kind of religion is likely to be most popular which does not seriously interfere with what you intend to do.

It is easy enough to make sacrifices for those we love; but for our enemy, we have to struggle and overcome self.

It is safer to affront some people than to oblige them; for the better a man deserves, the worse they will speak of him.

Life is a struggle from the cradle to the grave. He is the better prepared for it who continually considers it in this light.

Femininities.

New floral garniture is made wholly of beads.

Choose a wife rather by your ear than your eye.

"Jane, it is 11 o'clock. Tell that young man to shut the front door from the outside."

The University of Mississippi has opened all its departments to the admission of females.

A Greek maiden at Athens recently shot a lover, and has had ten offers of marriage since.

The literary education of women began to prevail in the early part of the seventeenth century.

A female postmaster in Maine has been fined $117.80 for opening a letter passing through her office.

Mrs. Hen appears among the members of the Minnesota Methodist Convention. She's a lay delegate.

It takes seven years for the Roumanian peasant women who sell their hair to grow a crop for the market.

Miss Couzins writes that the lady who never crimps her hair or powders her nose is a person of no refinement.

The Sunbeam Society is an association of Chicago young ladies whose mission it is to sew for the poor and help them in other ways.

A Vermont judge sentenced and fined a young lady in that State for receiving stolen kisses, on the principle that "the partaker is as bad as the thief."

Serenader—"Home, sweet home; dar am no place like home." Colored lady at the window—"Well, you jess better git along home or I'll frow somefin."

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how to justly appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge both from the beauty of their covering.

A party of girls near Rosemont, Pa., all practical horsewomen, have formed a little club, and have been having hurdle races for several weeks past in a series of fields picked out for the purpose.

Did you ever notice how sensitive are the ears of a woman in church to the crying of some other woman's baby, and how much deafer than a post she is when her own offspring sets up its piercing squall?

A chambermaid in a Pennsylvania hotel attempted to drive a nail with the butt-end of a loaded pistol, but stopped when a bullet went flying through the sleeve of her dress, fortunately without wounding her.

A female lawyer of Milwaukee, who persisted in repeating questions that were ruled out by the judge, being threatened with imprisonment for contempt, left the court, in tears, and refused to reappear in the trial.

Young widow, buying a pet dog—"It's a sweet, pretty darling, black and white; but, in my present state of bereavement, you must procure me one entirely black. This will do very well in about six months for half mourning."

Girls and women employed in Paris shops and cafes as dressmakers and sewing girls, and as better class attendants and nursery governesses, all wear black, just as with us the waiters at hotels and restaurants wear dress coats and white ties.

A Detroit lady kept her little daughter at home from school the other day on account of a storm, and the energetic female teacher sent another little girl, without any umbrella, through the driving rain storm, to ascertain the cause of the absence.

One day last week a woman in Lexington, Ga., was about to prepare dinner, when she discovered a snake coiled up in an oven of the stove. Fearing that it might escape, she closed the door, built a fire and baked the reptile to death.

Shelbyville, Tenn., has seventy-five marriageable girls, and a dozen marriageable young men. The girls are advised to invite in the young men from thirty to forty miles around to a good barbecue, and then seize them as the Romans did the Sabine women.

She was from Boston, and when she saw the little sailboat bobbing up and down on the waves, she turned to her companion and said: "Oh, Alexander, direct your eyes to that cunning marine craft of miniature proportions which is so prettily bob—excuse me—roberting on the waves!"

The numerous suits for breach of promise recently instituted against old men by young women is having its effect. "Miss," said an old man in a crowded street car yesterday, "I'll get up and give you my seat if you'll swear before all these witnesses that you don't consider it an offer of marriage."

A young lady is very anxious to know whether tailors really do stuff the shoulders of young men's coats with padding and buckram, so as to make them look broad-shouldered and manly. And she says she means to slyly stick a pin full length into her beau's shoulder next Sunday evening, to find out for herself.

An insecure handle on a boiler was, recently, the cause of a lady being badly scalded. While she was lifting the boiler off the stove, the handle came off, and the hot water from it covered her face and eyes, badly disfiguring her. Housekeepers should carefully examine their kitchen utensils, or accidents like the above one may result.

One of the latest and most sensational statements made in the London Police Courts was the declaration of a deserted wife, who complained that her husband had eloped with his mother-in-law. A staid English journal, commenting upon the case, says: "To our mind it resembles the American story which 'took forty men to believe it.'"

A late principal of the schools of Cincinnati does not have a very encouraging idea of a woman's persistency in teaching. He says: "When a young woman commences to teach school she loses nine chances in ten for marriage. If she teaches for five years her chances for marriage and dear delights of motherhood are but one in one hundred, and if she teaches ten years her chances for marriage and good social position are but one in ten thousand."

News Notes.

An Erie county physician rides to his patients on a bicycle.

Talmage says nine out of every ten business men will die for a sixpence.

Pearl hunting in the mussels of Ohio has been quite an industry for years.

Hemp seed is said to be as fatal to the canary as to the average jail bird.

A Chester county farmer milked his neighbor's cows, and is being prosecuted therefor.

Out in Indiana now it is a very common thing to "toss up," whether it shall be church or baseball.

A bottle of fifty gallons' capacity, the largest ever blown in this country, was lately made at Millville, N. J.

In France fanciful bibbed aprons, a fashion borrowed from England, are worn in country houses this season.

The corn crop in the United States in 1880 was 993,916,886 bushels greater than in 1870, as shown by the last census.

They don't call them "soft" young men now; the distressingly polite thing is to say "they are the down of society."

The Paris Municipal Council has purchased 200 portraits of Washington, to be given as prizes in the public schools.

Sarah Bernhardt's three weeks' engagement at the Gayety Theatre, London, drew $36,000, and netted a profit of $15,000.

A wash of alum water, it is said, will keep the flies away from a horse. Essence of pennyroyal is recommended for humanity.

Mlle. Bertha Rothschild, daughter of Baron Meyer Karl, of Frankford, is about to abjure her religion and marry a Catholic prince.

Scientists claim that the earth's internal heat, which crops out in the form of hot springs, etc., may be utilized to generate electricity.

The dividends paid by the railroads last year amount to $1.32 per inhabitant. The net earnings of all the railroads were $235,000,000.

Henry Johnson, a colored man at Oberlin, Ohio, claims that he was once a slave of Andrew Jackson, and that he is one hundred and nine years old.

Don't put things in your mouth. A Medina man put a large button in his mouth, jumped from a bench, and choked to death before it could be removed.

The most popular flowers for corsage bouquets just now are dwarf sunflowers, white daisies with yellow centres, and yellow daisies with black centres.

Dr. Hill, of Baltimore, who has vaccinated thousands during the past few months, neglected to vaccinate himself, and is now down with small-pox.

The total receipts at the New York post-office for the last fiscal year foot up $4,220,065.07, and the expenditures $1,315,076.43, leaving a net revenue of $2,884,988.67.

During the present Congressional session over 7,000 bills have been introduced in the House, and something like 2,500 in the Senate, besides 300 resolutions.

Blackwell, the Durham, Mass., tobacco man, began by peddling the weed from the tail of a wagon. Now he pays the Government $800,000 annually for revenue stamps.

Herr Gittib, a French barber, of Erie, made a vow on July 25, 1865, that he would not speak for seventeen years. Last month he was absolved from his oath, and spoke.

Wm. Montgomery, an Ohio soldier, has notified the State pension agent that he has recovered from the disabilities he received during the war, and wants no more pension money.

Wm. Snellbaker, of York county, while sitting on a chair became suddenly ill, fell to the floor and was stricken with total blindness, in which condition he remained at last accounts.

For a dinner table, described by an English paper, the centre was arranged as a pond with an edge of moss ferns, and in the real water ferns and water-lilies appeared to be growing.

It is said that the Empress of Germany has for many years given much of her time to the study and improvement of people's stoves and kitchens. Queer pastime for an Empress.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey will remain in Great Britain until the spring of 1881, when they will return to the United States for a few months, after which they will go back to London.

Spoon victles are more out of fashion than ever; in fact, it is hardly allowable in "good society," except for soups, to put a spoon into your mouth any more than you would your knife.

A young couple of Toronto were engaged to be married the other day, but the lady became offended at something done by her lover, discarded him, and married an ex-lover the day after.

A few days ago Miss Mary E. Stark, of Elmira, N. Y., married Mr. Aaron Stark, of Elmira, Mich. She goes with him to his home, but changes neither her own name nor the name of her residing place.

The venerable and reverend Leonard Woolsey Bacon, of Norwich, Conn., took part in a recent tub race, and got the advantage of all his competitors in having the least distance to row back when the contest was decided.

A hackman in Cleveland, Ohio, who has a colored competitor, has been fined $20 and costs by a police justice for soliciting passengers at the Union Depot by crying out, "Come this way, and you can ride with a white man."

A mule belonging to the Delaware Ice Company, of Boston, died a month or so ago. Soon afterward another mule that had been worked as a companion to the dead animal refused to eat, and starved to death. This is pathetic, even if not veracious.

A Village Reading.

BY W. H. C.

"A LECTURE, eh!" said Deacon Holson, as he stood entranced before the announcement-board of the village Lyceum.

"And upon the 'Rights of Women?' Well, I never.

"Miss Holson will want to hear it, and I shouldn't wonder if Jemima Ann wanted to go into the bargain.

"Girls are aways racing after every new idea.

"And perhaps it's a good thing to stir us country folks up—a rousing good lecture once in a while.

"Tickets, 25 cents. Well, I'll think about it."

"A lecture!" said Dr. Briggs, the newly-fledged M.D., who had just hung out his glittering lamp; "and respecting women's rights?

"I cannot say I approve of the subject; but a newcomer like myself must show himself in public, and there are so few opportunities in this village.

"Upon the whole, I think I will take a ticket."

"Women's rights!" said old Mrs. Mix, who was always tormenting the selectmen for the privilege of franchise on election-day, and who went out to gather her own hay in harvest-time, with a man's boots, and rather more than a man's strength. "I'm very glad of it.

"The subject needs agitation in a place like this, where there's worse than Egyptian darkness.

"I'll go, if it costs me a whole week's butter money."

And thus, in various styles, and from various motives, the inhabitants commented on and approved of the lecture which was to be delivered at the Lyceum on that Wednesday evening.

Squire Dodley stroked his long beard as he hooked his grey pony bfore the village store.

"I suppose my girls will insist on going," said he; "but there are so few things going on here that it seems a pity to deny them a little recreation."

And the landlord of the hotel chuckled.

"It was an ill wind that blew good to nobody," he said, "and any popular sensation was good for business."

This was on Tuesday.

Upon the Wednesday morning a stout gentleman, in a chaise, with a very rubicund face, and little fiery eyes, drew up to the hotel and strutted up to the bar.

"Mary Smith lectures here to-night?" said he.

"I guess you're about right there, squire," said the landlord, feeling in his pocket for the bundle of tickets which the Lyceum proprietor had authorized him to sell. "A popular subject, too.

"You can read all about it on the announcement-board out there, and——"

"I forbid it," said the stout gentleman, growing redder and more apoplectic with every moment.

"Why?" said the landlord.

"She is my wife," said the stranger. "My name is Smith—Zerubbabel Smith—and I won't be disgraced by any of this public-lecturing business."

"Yes, I know," said the landlord; "but I don't believe the law will uphold you in it, squire, after the tickets are sold, and ——"

"Hang the law!" shouted Mr. Zerubbabel Smith, bringing his closed fist down among the glasses with a bang.

"I don't care two straws for the law. My wife is my wife, and I won't have her making a merry-andrew of herself here, or any where else.

"When do you expect her?"

"The room was engaged from twelve o'clock," faltered the landlord; "but——"

"Very well," roared the red-faced man. "I'll just go and stroll around the village and you let me know when she arrives; do you hear?"

Mr. Zerubbabel Smith had hardly betaken himself to the shadow of the elms on the village green, when an elderly woman of a starched appearance came in, with a striped carpet-bag on one arm, and carrying an umbrella in the other hand.

"Is this the Lyceum?" said she primly.

"No, madam," said the landlord; "this is the tavern.

"The Lyceum ain't open until eight o'clock.

"Want to buy tickets for the lecture?"

"Certainly not," said the elderly female.

"Perhaps you'd like to engage a room, said the landlord, with a glance at the carpet-bag.

"Nothing of the sort," said the lady.

The fount of the landlord's imagination was hopelessly drained dry by this time. He said nothing more, but stared hard at the starched female.

"I wish to see Miss Smith," said she abruptly.

"Eh?" said the landlord.

"The lecturer on — Women's Rights," with a little grimace at the words, as if they had had a bitter taste.

"She ain't arrived yet," said the landlord.

"I do not intend to allow this outrage on public taste," said the lady.

"Madam," said the landlord.

"I am Miss Smith's mother."

"Are you?" gasped mine host.

"And here I sit until she presents herself," said Mrs. Smith, depositing herself on the nearest chair, and clasping both hands firmly over the umbrella handle.

The landlord looked feebly at her, and almost within the same second, in hurried a short, over-dressed lady, with curls, jewelery, bangles, and a scarlet shawl.

"Landlord," said she, "take down those posters at once."

"What for, madam?" cried the poor man.

"It's swindling!" said the curly fair one; "downright swindling!

"We are partners. And Miss Smith is to lecture nowhere unless I sing ballads in the interludes; and so you may tell her, landlord."

The landlord smote his forehead in despair.

"Am I going crazy?" he said, "or is the whole universal world alike? Miss Smith ain't here, nor any of the Smiths, as I know of."

"Landlord," said the curly lady, screwing up her thin lips, "you are in the conspiracy against me."

The landlord uttered a groan.

"I wish to goodness I'd never heard of the whole thing," said he.

"But if there's law and justice in the land, I'll have my rights!" screamed the excited lady.

"I'll telegraph to the city to a lawyer, I'll have up the constable. I'll——"

The landlord was vaguely considering if his own mind whether it was best to go under the counter, when a merciful Providence interfered in his behalf.

The station carriage wheeled up to the door, and out stepped a tall, pretty young woman, with deep blue eyes and bronze brown hair, a French grey travelling-dress, and a marvellously composed manner.

"Mary Smith!" said she to the landlord. "Are my rooms ready? I lecture here to-night in the Lyceum."

"Never was so glad to see anybody in my born days," croaked the landlord. "Yes; the rooms are ready. But your husband—he's out on the green, and your mother's here awaiting to forbid the lecture, and your partner's vowing and swearing she's been swindled, and——"

"It's some mistake," said Miss Smith, in her clear, incisive voice; "I have no husband. My mother has been dead seven years, and a partner is a luxury in which I have never indulged myself."

"This ain't my daughter!" said the starched female. "My Mary Smith has red hair, and she stutters."

"Quite a different sort of person from my partner," said the lady with a red shawl.

"And my wife weighs two hundred pounds," unwillingly confessed the stout person, who had by this time come in from the green.

The landlord heaved a mighty sigh of relief.

"Well," said he, "I don't see but that the lecture may go on after all."

The three discontented spirits vanished, Miss Smith retreated to her room, and the landlord breathed freely again.

But in the afternoon train from London a young man came unexpectedly upon the scene.

"Is this the place where Mary Smith lectures to-night?" he asked of the landlord.

"I believe so," said that worthy, secretly wondering if there were any more relations to object. "If you want to speak to her, there she is out in the back garden, reading poetry, under the pear-trees."

"Polly," said the young man, leaning over the pretty French-grey shoulder.

"I hear you," said Miss Smith, turning over a leaf, and pretending not to be aware of the pink flush which was overspreading her cheek.

"Are you really determined to go on with this public lecturing tour?" he asked quietly.

"Why shouldn't I?" cross-questioned Miss Smith.

"Because I don't like it, Polly."

"You quarrelled with me," said Mary.

"I beg pardon," said the young man; "you quarrelled with me."

"Do you really care?" said Mary Smith, melting into softness."

"I care more than you will ever know," he answered fervently. "Little Polly, I love you! And as for women's rights, you shall have every right you wish, if only you'll give up this lecturing business and marry me."

She smiled—hesitated—visibly yielded.

"But I've made the engagement."

"Break it, then," said he. "The clergyman lives just across the green: I had his house pointed out to me. Let's go there this very minute, and get married."

Mary Smith laughed and blushed, and burst into tears, and finally put her hand into that of Mr. Harry Duncan.

"Have it your own way," said she; "but I don't know what the public will say."

So there was no lecture in the Lyceum that night.

And the stout man went home, where he found his wife and mother-in-law in a great rage.

The starched female proceeded to the nearest camp-meeting, and the curly-ballad-singer composed a new song called "Love's Triumph," founded on the incident from real life, which had just transpired.

"After all," said the bride, "Smith is an awkward name. And I'm glad I've changed it to Duncan."

He who always says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

Consumption no longer an incurable disease. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PECULIAR PRAYERS.

POLITICAL prayers are by no means new things. The story goes that when Parson Eaton, of Hanpswell, was invited to officiate as chaplain at Bowdoin Commencement during the last war with Great Britain, when party feeling ran high, his opening petition was to this effect: "Lord, thou hast commanded us to pray for our enemies; wilt thou bless the President of these United States." Very good in its way, but not any better than the petition which Revolutionary tradition reports a certain Tory to have made in his church, which had been surrounded by the lines of the Continental Army: "And as for him who was once thy servant and whom profane men call General Washington, we pray that thou wouldst spare him the wrath of his followers, and remove him speedily into the mansions of the blest." It is not surprising that at Ipswich last year a Tory clergyman should have omitted the prayer for "the High Court of Parliament at the time assembled," and justified the omission on the ground that the Radical Parliament was past praying for. The republican authorities in France have had a good deal of trouble in inducing the ecclesiastical authorities to pay due attention to the republic at the altar. During the Hundred Days Napoleon experienced the same difficulty and could obtain nothing more satisfactory than a promise to pray neither for him nor for Louis XVIII., but to maintain on the part of Heaven strict neutrality. Political praying, as readers of "Hudibras" will remember, was at its height during the strife between the King and Parliament. "We thought it not amiss," ran one prayer, "to call upon thee this evening and let thee know how affairs stand. We do somewhat long to hear from thee, and if thou pleasest to give us such and such victories we shall be good to thee in something else when it lies in our way." "I hear, O Lord," ran another, "that the King hath set up his Parliament at York against the Parliament and the city of London. Look thou upon them; take their cause into thine own hand; appear thou in the cause of thy saints." A good deal of amusement was caused five or six years ago when the Chaplain of Congress telegraphed a correction in his prayer to the Associated Press. Somewhat in the same dilemma arose at a recent festival in Peterborough Cathedral, England, where the Bishop preached about Henry VIII. as a "cruel and voluptuous tyrant," and a "spoiler of the houses of learning and religion," and then the Dean prayed and acknowledged the gratitude of the congregation for the munificence of Henry VIII., who founded it for the glory and advancement of religion, pure living, instruction and benevolence. It is only a few days since a clergyman up in Westchester County prayed, "O Lord, help us in our attempt to eliminate thy word." One can easily see how the Illinois pastor, once launched upon the fatal slope, prayed for those of his flock absent upon "beds of sickness or chairs of wellness." The Troy *Times* recently informed the public that "a game of base-ball was played at La Salle, Illinois, on Sunday last, at which the Rev. Moses Gunn, of that city, opened the exercises with prayer, and delivered an exhortation to the contesting nines. At the conclusion of the game the reverend gentleman indulged in another refrain, tendering his services as chaplain and umpire on the following Sunday, which were accepted."

A writer in *London Society* gives a graphic description of Cornish prayer-meetings, whereat petitions are offered not for a consistent walk, but to be "kept from shimshanking into holes and corners," where the Enemy of Man is alluded to as "Ould Smuttyfeace" and casual listeners who come to look are compelled to remain and be prayed in such a downright strain as, "Lord, convert they two men over there in the corndor." A refreshing contrast to the usual petition of the sectarian is presented by this prayer recently offered by a clergyman at Ayr: "O Lord, bless the Established Church, and the Free Church, and the United Presbyterian Church and all the other churches. Thou knowest the various nicknames, Lord by which they are called; bless them all."

Ourin Orion, Neb., when a local Ingersoll named John Sheppard built a platform alongside of a camp-meeting ground and worried the brethren so sorely that at last they prayed that he might be silenced by death if in no other manner, and he died, the incident was regarded as an answer to prayer. Two years ago the Rev. George O. Barnes, a Kentucky revivalist, opened "Pink Cottage," among the mountains, as a prayer-cure establishment. It has just been sold through the foreclosure of a mortgage for $60. The Rev. Wm. Marshall, of Clark county, in that State, advertises his willingness to pray for any desired object for the sum of 75 cents. It is not so long since an Iowa merchant, having been offered by a minister $100 for a horse for which he asked $300, and which was worth $50, and being apprehensive that to drop $200 suddenly might provoke inspection, agreed to take $100 in cash and the balance in prayers.

FARM LABORERS are said to be so scarce in Montana that $40 and $50 a month is in vain offered for them. Farmers are forced to let their cows browse about on the meadows with full udders, because they cannot get help enough to milk them.

WHEN a man's hair stands on end, an ordinary person says his hair stands; but you can't get a doctor to talk in that way. The doctors call it horripilation. This makes the patients hair stick up worse than ever, but it gives the family confidence in the doctor.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Chills, Ague Chills, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Bruises, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved.

MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS.

FEVER AND ACUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaints**, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Coughs, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient. Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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186th MONTHLY DRAWING.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

First Capital Prize, $75,000. Tickets, $5; sold in Fifths at $1 each. *See full scheme elsewhere in this paper.*

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Makanda, Ill., July 26, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

I. L.

Ogumwka, Ill., July 25, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

H. E. C.

Ossian, Ind., July 19, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

M. H.

Leesburgh, Kans., July 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. G.

Secor, Ill., July 24, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

H. S.

Barry, Mo, July 21, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

J. T. D.

Neosho, Mo., July 21, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. M. L.

Alford, Pa., July 25, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

F. Y.

Columbiaville, Mich, June 21, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. E. M.

Belvidere, Pa., July 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. F. S.

Mount Pleasant, July 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

G. L.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., June 28, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., June 19, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. F.

Chattanooga, June 27, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E. R.

Verndale, Minn., June 23, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. E. B.

Jamestown, Ind., June 24, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

I. F. D.

Peconic, La., June 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. C. P.

Berlinton, Ind., June 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

C. W. H.

HEARING AND TELLING.

Says Mrs. Brown,
Of Slandertown,
'It may, or may not be;
I only tell—
You know me well—
What folks have told to me.

"They say that Fife
And his young wife
Get on quite awful, dear;
They scold and fight
Both day and night—
Or that is what I hear.

"And who would think
That Smith should drink
The way he does, good Lord!
Or so they say:
My dear, I pray
You will take my word.

"And there's Miss Burt,
The saucy flirt,
She's talked about; I've heard
Such frightful things,
It blushes brings
To tell them, 'pon my word.

"Oh dear, they say
The other day
That Rev. Dr. Bird
And Miss Montcalm
Went arm-in-arm
Down Broadway—so I heard."

Says Mrs. Jones,
In chilling tones,
"You have quick ears, my dear;
Just fill them full
With cotton wool;
You hear too much, I fear."

—B. T.

Humorous.

The miner's little effort: "I seek for wealth in vein."

Why is an oak tree like a tight shoe? Because it produces a-corn.

What bar is that which often opens, but never shuts? A crowbar.

Why is the assessor of taxes the best man in the world? Because he never "underrates" anybody.

Help from an unexpected quarter, as the tramp remarked, when a 25-cent piece was handed him by the "lady of the house."

"Brown, what did you clear by that grand speculation?" "Clear!" answered the commercial; "why, I cleared my pockets."

A pert little girl boasted to another child that "her father kept a carriage." "Ah, but," was the triumphant reply, "my father drives an omnibus."

Jones has found out that slight changes make great differences. "Dinner for nothing" is very good fun; but you can't say as much of "nothing for dinner."

At a town meeting a large tax-payer rose up to protest against building a new school-house in a certain part of the town. "What's the good of it?" said he; "they are an ignorant set down here, anyway."

An exchange says: "A man lives in this vicinity who states that he first met his wife in a storm, took her to the first ball in a storm, popped the question in a storm, and has lived in a storm ever since."

Mamma—"My dear, you will assuredly catch cold if you sit in the draught between those two windows." "Why, ma, the weather is so frightfully hot that even the bare idea of taking cold is delicious."

The girl who sings to an admiring company in the parlor, "You must wake and call me early, mother dear," is the same creature who expects her mother to get up, make the fire, get the milk, and bring her breakfast up to her room.

A paper is published by the lunatics on Blackwell's Island. It is edited by men who have been in the sanctum, but had been driven crazy by spring poets, occasional contributors, and the men who dropped in to teach them how to run a paper.

A poet once walking with M. de Talleyrand in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his own verses, Talleyrand, perceiving at a short distance a man yawning, pointed him out to his friend, at the same time remarking: "Not so loud; he hears you."

Mr. Skillet read in a rash household journal that a man should treat his servant girl as he would his daughter. Mr. Skillet was in the habit of taking his daughter on his lap and kissing her, and as his servant was sweet eighteen and pretty, he undertook to treat her the same way, but his wife objected. She objected so violently that the lump on the left side of Skillet's head has not yet subsided.

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

"You told me, sir, that the horse was entirely without fault, and yet he is blind." The dealer looked blandly into the irritated countenance of the loser by the transaction, and said, with charming innocence, "I do not regard blindness as a fault, sir; it is a misfortune."

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1. at Druggists.

The season of the year has just come when friends who have fled the city for the summer months, write us that they have to sleep between blankets, as if that were something to boast of. It does not fill us with envy to hear of their having to sleep between blankets. We don't want to sleep between blankets; we can keep warm enough without blankets, blank it.

"Rough on Rats."—Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, skunks. 15 cts.

"I shall feel so lonely, dearest, when you are gone," said a young husband, as he put his wife in a railway carriage for the seaside, and clinging to her fondly, awaited the signal of her departure. "Charlie, dear," she answered, reassuredly, "I have provided against all that. Mamma will come and stay with you until I return; and as she's very timid you'll come in at home of an evening and keep each other company."

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer street, Boston, Mass.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 23 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

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Correspondence solicited.
Samples and information free.
"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

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Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please say where you saw this advertisement.

A KEY WILL WIND ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT.
SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 36 Day St., N. Y.

40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c, Postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

50 Choice Chromos, with name, in fancy case 10c. Set of samples 6c. VANN & CO., Fairhaven, Conn.

AGENTS WANTED

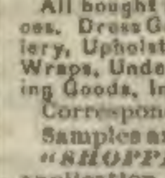
A HARVEST FOR AGENTS.

Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of **50 cents.** Do not fail to order. Also 5½x12½ Oleograph 12 for 25cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Lady Agents Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling **Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters,** etc. **Sample outfit Free.** Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. Prize Terms Free **CIGARS 50** S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune; outfit worth $10 free. RIDEOUT, & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.



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Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

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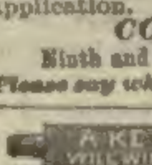

KNOW THE FUTURE!

Prof. L. F. Marrion, the Great Scientific Seer, Astrologer and Psychologist, will for 25c. (in cash, with age, height, color of eyes, and lock of hair, and a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name, the day and place of meeting, and marriage ascertainably predicted. Money returned if not satisfied. Address Prof. L. F. MARRION, 16 Hawley Place, Boston, Mass.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST.
DAVID LANDRETH & SONS,
21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

BEATTY'S Organs 27 stops, $90. Pianos, $227.50. Factory running day & night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

COPPER LINEN MARKER STAMP, $1; RUBBER 25 cents, with Indelible Ink. Send for circulars. J. GOLDSBOROUGH, 720 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

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27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, $109.75

The Famous Beethoven Organ with a beautiful Pipe Top, Handsome Black Walnut Case, suitable *for the Parlor, Church or Sabbath School.* Shipped on one year's trial, with Organ Bench, Stool and Music, ONLY

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Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Order or Registered Letter. Money refunded with interest if not as represented after one year's use. Organs built on the old plan, $30, $40, $50, 8 to 11 stops. *Catalogue FREE.* Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

Warner Brothers
CORALINE CORSETS.

The great superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has induced us to use it in all our leading Corsets.

$10 REWARD

will be paid for any Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. Price by mail, W. B. (coutil), $2.50; Abdominal, $2; Health or Nursing, $1.50; Coraline or Flexible Hip $1.25; Misses', $1.00.
For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.
WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

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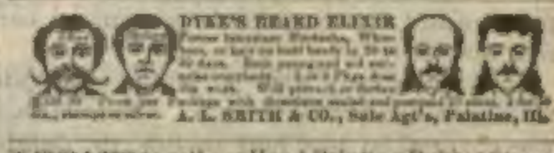
EASILY CURED with THE DOUBLE CHLORIDE OF GOLD. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., Surgeon U. S. A. R. R., DWIGHT, ILL. 3,000 cures. Books Free.



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A. L. SMITH & CO., Sole Agt's, Palatine, Ill.

IT PAYS to sell our Hand Printing Rubber Stamps. Circulars free. FOLJAMBE & CO., successors to G. A. Harper & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

The Public is requested carefully to notice the new and enlarged Scheme to be drawn Monthly.

☞ CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000. ☜
Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L. A. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of $350,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. NINTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS I, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, **September 12, 1882.**—118th Monthly Drawing.

Look at the following Scheme, under the exclusive supervision and management of General G. T. BEAUREGARD, of La., and General JUBAL A. EARLY, of Va., who manage all the drawings of this Company, both **ordinary** and **semi-annual,** and attest the correctness of the published Official Lists.

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LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE		$75,000
1	do	do	25,000
1	do	do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF	$5,000	10,000
5	do	2,000	10,000
10	do	1,000	10,000
20	do	500	10,000
100	do	200	20,000
200	do	100	20,000
500	do	50	25,000
1,000	do	25	25,000
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9	Approximation Prizes of	$750	6,750
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Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. Send orders by Express, Registered Letter or Money Order, address only to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
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607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

N. B.—Orders addressed to New Orleans will receive prompt attention.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

EVERYONE of note is leaving town, therefore no more galeties or dresses to chronicle!

During the season there is certainly no scarcity of dresses, but they all merge into the same category, whether intended for ball, dinner, or theatre wear; the same may be said for outdoors and visiting. But, no sooner does the elegante take flight, than her vivid imagination conjures up marvels of toilettes that she would never dream of adopting in town.

All her surroundings feed this passion for novelty; each spa and watering place has its own distinguishing marks, which the gay visitor is never slow to seize; and the mingling of many nationalities induces a "spice of the foreign" about the costume, not to speak of the thousand and one occasions that furnished such excuses for a coquettish get up—the mountain ascent, the woodland ramble, the hunting, boating, and yachting expeditions, besides all the charming gatherings devised by the fair and witty chatelaines of picturesque country houses. Really the puzzle is to know which to describe out of this Babel of attire.

One would fain of almost run away from one's friends to escape the deluge of questions on, "What will suit me for that journey?" "What do you think of my purchases?"

"How shall I look in this style?" etc., etc. As to the workrooms, they are still more bewildering: here is a grand toilette for the casino, it is a stylish affair for one to take a dip into the sea, and hosts more creations.

Under such pressure I can but throw in my notes haphazard.

Parasols are important items, specially this year, when so many changes are demanded by fashion.

Clever young ladies, who have several sateen dresses and cannot afford to have a different sunshade for each, manage to make a single one do duty for all by concocting different covers, which they slip on according to the dress to be worn.

These casings rather put the skill of the worker to the test, as the cutting of the tapering divisions needs great exactitude, and the seams very particular sewing to render them perfectly flat; but the great stumbling-block is the matching of the design, which, as for patterned bottoms, must not show a single break.

True, defects may be hidden by flowers, lace, or ribbons; and, in fact, the most expensive and dressy parasols present a perfect disorder.

I noticed a lady with a white sunshade terminated in a white whip. The surface was covered by lace four inches in depth, twisted in all kinds of ways; now it set as a straight flounce, then was gathered into vandykes, puffed, drawn, pleated into the most intangible mass.

This confused effect is by no means exceptional this summer, and is very likely aimed at on purpose to contrast with the more formal series of flounces so lavishly used on cheaper sunshades. In diametrical opposition we have the flat and many-ribbed Japanese, with a black satin top, finished off by a five or six inch black lace, strained over the red ribs, tipped with white.

The floral parasol is excellent for freshening up a last season's cover.

A lovely one I much admired was in white silk, covered with jessamine, the slender green stalk, in gutta-percha, being caught down lattice style, and the flowers falling as a heavy fringe all round; at the top were attached two roses and forget-me-nots.

As to the feather parasol, it may be rich and handsome, but does not seem quite suitable.

Imagine a Holbien green satin, over which towers a panache of feathers, pink and green, nodding to every breath of air; round the edge meanders a ruching of blended green and pink plumes.

Even umbrellas have their fanciful ornament, in the shape of horn handles, terminated a mediæval-pointed shoe, or, more comical, bulldog's face ludicrously peering out of a country sun-bonnet.

Sometimes the headdress is white and the animal's head black, or vice versa! The great novelty, however, is the dressy case for umbrellas or en-tout-cas, in silk of any bright color, prepared specially to be carried about and slipped off whenever the shelter is required.

Decidedly the taste for gay hues has taken a great hold upon us; every item of dress bears the mark of this Oriental influence; both stockings and jersey-silk gloves are seen in all the radiance of sky blue, scarlet, old-gold, turquoise, fawn, etc., chosen in harmony or direct contrast with the costume.

Very practical for traveling are the kid gloves, provided in the palm of the hand with a tiny pocket fastened by a button, and intended to hold the railway ticket or a stray coin.

When one considers the difficulty of getting at one's pocket, and the risk of carrying hand-bags, such a handy little contrivance will justly be appreciated.

Another great improvement for the yellow doeskin gloves, now so much patronised by the ladies, is the new fastening with eyelet holes and regular hooks.

Evidently this style would not answer for full dress, but it is particularly appropriate for tailor-made costumes and all the various garb of masculine tendencies.

The bead mania is not likely to subside for a long time, but to follow the fashion there is no need to attempt anything very elaborate.

Two friends of mine who have recourse to many contrivances in order to dress at small expense, have just finished two casaquins; one had been cut out of a brocaded train, and to brighten it up the worker had outlined and veined every part of the design with beads; the other, a woollen broche, looked quite original from the flashes of steel beads which had been strung here and there, just at the owner's fancy, and really produced a more startling effect than if the small pattern had been patiently followed.

These economising girls always keep a stock of several yards of beaded trimming which they can tack and untack at will on cloaks and dresses.

They always choose a very close pattern to completely hide the foundation, and the beads, being bought in large quantities and at advantageous prices, the cost is trifling. The time is really the only consideration, but even this does not put much strain on friends, who are very quick and inventive—a proof that ladies of limited means can often, by dint of management, be better dressed than those with liberal allowances.

Cross stitch, too, is very appropriate for young girls' summer dresses, and it need not always be in the over-repeated blue and red.

I will describe a charming example prepared for a young girl.

The short skirt was in sateen of the fashionable cornflower blue; the tunic in cambric, of a turquoise shade, was dotted with cornflowers and forget-me-nots embroidered in silks; similar needlework decorated the loose paletot.

The trimming of the whole consisted of silk lace worked with cross stitch in the two shades of blue.

Unique was the accompanying bonnet, in turquoise blue straw, lined with the darker tint, its crown covered by a perfect bed of forget-me-nots, cornflowers, and buttercups. Yes, buttercups; although there is no yellow in the dress, but the golden touch must perform be everywhere.

It seems, after the financial crisis of this year, gold will be very, very scarce; however, if it is not to be found in the pockets, it gleams, out of revenge, in every detail of the toilette.

Small capots or Princess bonnets are adorned with lace called rayons d'or, because it reproduces every shade of luminous yellow; the filmy mass is caught up here and there with sapphire clasps, in harmony with the front bow and strings of sapphire ribbon.

However, for a change, coral is coming into favor, both as a trimming and as a color.

I was quite relieved to see a lovely bonnet in ivory Bruges lace, ornamented on the side by a huge tuft of real coral; a spray of the same attached the lace strings. In elegant keeping were the coral ear-rings and the large pink buttons which closed the dust-cloak of ivory-colored foulard.

Fireside Chat.

VEGETABLE ENTREES.

GREEN PEAS A LA FRANCAISE.—Put the required quantity of green peas necessary for your dish into a perfectly clean and bright stewpan, with some water and butter in the following proportions: For every pint of peas one gill of water and 1oz. of butter.

When this is thoroughly amagamated, add a little bouquet tied together, of parsley, also salt, pepper, and another ½oz. of butter, then eight or nine small white onions, a whole French lettuce, and the heat of a cos lettuce.

Simmer the whole well for an hour, or more if the peas and other vegetables are not completely tender. The time, in fact, must be regulated according to the judgment of the cook.

When done, take out the bunch of parsley, the lettuce, and the onions, which are very serviceable for hashes, stews, or soup, even when used as above. The peas, when once cooking, must not be touched by a spoon or fork, as it would bruise them and spoil the appearance of the entree, but well tossed constantly to prevent them sticking to the stewpan, always kept briskly simmering, but never boiling, otherwise they will harden.

Au Sucre.—Green peas prepared as above without the lettuce, onions, parsley, or pepper, but some finely-powdered white sugar sprinkled in by degrees and according to taste.

En Puree.—The great secret of a well-concocted puree is the softness of the whole. It should pass over the palate like velvet, and leave no trace of its substance or material behind.

To ensure this creamy softness there are three distinct methods.

Firstly, by adding before passing through the hair sieve some very fine white-sifted bread-crumbs; secondly, prepared flour mixed carefully to a smooth paste first, with some stock or bouillon; and thirdly, by the aid of good double cream.

A tiny pinch of fine white powdered sugar must always be added. It is a very necessary ingredient. For an artist puree then take two pints, say, of young green peas, and throw them into a saucepan of boiling water with some salt, and a bunch of parsley and chives tied together. When they are tender take them out and drain them thoroughly from all the moisture, and then pass carefully through a fine hair sieve.

Season the puree thus made with a little white pepper and salt to taste, and reheat in a stewpan with a little butter and stock in adequate proportions, having of course previously, as directed above, employed one of the three methods for thickening and softening the puree.

Serve with fried croutons, cut out in heart-shape. The husks of the very young green-pea shell will also make a puree, or prove serviceable in mixing with the other, if thoroughly well cooked until quite soft in boiling water, drained, bruised, and then passed through a sieve, seasoned in the same manner. For green-pea soup the husk is very useful, as the flavor obtained equals in every way the vegetable itself.

Cucumber.—The idea of cucumber in any other form but as au naturel; that is, evenly sliced, and deluged with oil and vinegar, has, I venture to put forth, never troubled a cook's mind, except as some wild dream or impossibility.

Nevertheless, strange as it may seem and completely unconventional, I assert that a well-made cucumber entree is a very agreeable and delectable dish; and, to prove the truth of my assertion, try any of the following recipes, and your verdict will be affirmative.

A la Maitre d'Hotel.—Peel a nice straight cucumber, and cut it in four pieces lengthways. Scoop out all the seeds, and then cut it up again into small long pieces about a finger length. Throw these into a saucepan of boiling water and some salt. When they bend under the touch they are done, and must be taken out and very carefully drained in a sieve.

Then put them into a saucepan, with a good-sized piece of butter, some finely chopped parsley and chives, salt and pepper to taste. The cucumber will not, however, require much salt, as the acid itself renders it salt tasting. Toss the pieces of vegetables well over a brisk fire, until thoroughly heated through and serve on a hot dish.

Farcis.—Cut off the tail ends of a short, thickly made cucumber, and scoop out the seeds with the end of a spoon or marrow-spoon is best, then peel it very thinly. Prepare a good meat stuffing, or even fish can be used as a forcemeat for a change, and fill the cucumber with it, replacing the ends originally cut off with the aid of little wooden skewers.

Wrap round the vegetable with a thin linen cloth, and put it into a stewpan with a bouquet of herbs and some good stock. Simmer over a clear fire until done, then reduce the liquid, thickening it with flour (a little cornflour is preferable) and butter. Serve in the gravy thus made.

A la Poulette.—Put some flounced butter (butter rolled in flour) into a stewpan, with some good cream, or stock in default of cream. Toss the cucumber until well heated through, then take it off the fire, and add two yolks of eggs, and a few drops (to taste) of vinegar.

Frits.—Cut the cucumber (already cooked) into pieces about the length of your little finger, dry them very carefully in a cloth, and fry them in butter. They can also be dipped in a good batter, and then fried in the same way as salsify. Particular care must be taken to have the vegetable very dry, as the slightest moisture will prevent them frying crisp.

J. H. C. Wilmington.—There is some new work which you may not yet have seen, and which is very pretty for tea-cloths. Make the cloth of any cream-colored washing fabric, and round the edge draw a border in a lace-like pattern, such as Richelieu guipure but in more exact imitation of flowers or leaves, the different parts connected by bars and loops, as in point lace. Work all these on the material in light colored silk, blue or old-gold, for instance, and the outlines of the design in alternate long and short stitch with crewels in colors appropriate to the design; work in the veins in the same colors, and at each edge of the pattern work a couple of straight rows, half an inch apart, with the same silk as that used for the bars. The work, when completed looks like colored point lace appliqued on the material, and is very effective and durable.

Correspondence.

W. B. S., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—A day in law, cannot be broken. It consists of twenty-four hours, and ends at midnight.

PHILOLOGIST, (Kendall, Ill.)—There is a distinction between the words "abdication" and "resignation." Abdication is done purely and simply; resignation is in favor of some other person.

WIL. (Monroe, N. Y.)—Perhaps it would be well for you to imitate her conduct, and not speak to her in company—or in private either. A little of such discipline might lead her to treat you better.

DUBESOR, (Marion, S. C.)—It is very wrong to gaze at a young lady in church, where your thoughts should be otherwise engaged. If you wish to make her acquaintance there are plenty of ways that love can always find out.

MYRA, (Nansemond, Va.)—There is no impropriety in exchanging photographs with an intimate friend, but it would not be advisable with mere acquaintances. 2. The party mentioned was no gentleman, or he would have returned your picture when you requested it.

N. H. I., (Lawrence, Mass.)—The British fitted up Faneuil Hall during their occupancy of Boston, in 1775, for a series of private theatricals. Among other pieces, they performed an original farce called "Boston Blockade." It was written by Gen. Burgoyne, who was a successful dramatist and elegant scholar.

BOTANA, (Washington, Va.)—You must neither be too quiet and reserved, nor too free—"fast," as you call it. You should endeavor to strike a mean between these two. Be courteous, polite, and frank, but never boisterous, loud-mouthed, or indifferent as to what you say or what is addressed to you by gentleman.

R. A. A., (Wells, Ind.)—An impulsive person is one whose temper generally gets the better of one's judgment. A prudent person thinks, then acts. Hence it happens that a person coming under the former category is one in whom great confidence is placed; a person coming under the latter, hardly ever.

THOMAS, (Camden, N. J.)—Perhaps if you should frankly tell the young lady just how you feel, and what your circumstances are, she would solve the problem for you. A girl who acts frivolously before her engagement sometimes becomes very thoughtful and prudent when she has to consider the interest of the man whom she loves.

MARIE, (Franklin, Ill.)—You could learn photography without a teacher. The books can be got at the stores. If the booksellers in your locality should not happen to have any on hand, they would get one for you, on application. Any elementary work, or any system of phonography, would answer for you to begin with. It would take a year or two for you to learn the art thoroughly.

J. W., (Baltimore, Md.)—1. She should make one bow that would include both gentleman. 2. The custom is for a lady to sit on the left side. 3. There is no rule about this. It must be a matter of tact on the gentleman's part. If he sees that she is tired and restless, and is not enjoying herself, he might ask her if she would like to go, or if she was tired, and so give her an opportunity to express her wishes.

JOHN, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—All that we can say is that you are very silly. You ought to have known that if your wife had been previously engaged to another man it was to be inferred, as a matter of course, that she had kissed him. Engaged persons are allowed to kiss each other. That is one of their chief privileges. The occurrence is of no moment to you. There is every reason, as you yourself admit, that your wife is true and devoted to you. Do not be foolish.

MURPH, (Genesee, Mich.)—Stammering can be greatly mitigated, and often cured, by always keeping the lungs full of air while speaking, by speaking slowly, and by reading aloud in a steady, measured voice. Dr. Hammond recommends the patient to perform some trifling muscular contraction at the moment he attempts a difficult word. For instance, let us suppose he finds "potato" a hard word to pronounce. Let him clench his hand or move one finger just as he begins to say "p." This distracts the attention, and the word slips out before he notices the difficulty.

HISTORICUS, (Clarke, Iowa)—You are quite right, George I., treated not only the Prince of Wales, who afterwards became George II., but also the rest of his family, cruelly. He was a sullen and morose person, and his domestic trials, before he acceded to the Crown of England, so affected him that he is said to have become brutal in disposition. His wife, finding his temper to be intolerable, plotted to escape from the Court of Hanover to that of France. Her chief accomplice disappeared and was never heard of again. It was supposed that he was assassinated by order of the King. A few months afterwards George I. divorced his wife and kept her in confinement till her death, a period of thirty years.

READER, (Germantown, Pa.)—The Chiltern Hundreds is a small hilly district extending through part of Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, to which nominal office is attached in the gift of the Crown, the person chosen to fill it being called the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds. A member of the House of Commons cannot directly resign his seat; to accomplish that object, it is customary for a member wishing to resign to accept a nominal office under the Crown, such as the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, whereby his seat in Parliament is vacated. Whenever a member wants to resign, unless the Government has special and overruling reasons for wishing him to remain in Parliament, it always gives him the appointment to the Chiltern Hundreds, which enables him to retire to private life.

READER, (Laurel, Ky.)—A German physician, but who is evidently fond of his morning nap, insists that early rising is a very bad habit. He has taken the trouble to collect information as to the habit in this respect of several persons who have lived to advanced age, and he finds that in the majority of the cases the long livers have indulged in late hours. At least eight out of ten persons who attained the age of eighty years and upward were in the habit of not retiring until the early hours of the morning, and of remaining in bed until the day was far advanced. On the other hand he had failed to discover, after careful observation of the health of several early risers, that it was in any degree better than a similar number of late risers. He thinks that so far as any decided benefit being gained by getting up early in the morning, it rather tends to exhaust physical power and shorten life. Our opinion, however, since you want it, is in favor of early hours.